THE NEW YORK LEDGER

DEVOTED TO CHOICE LITERATURE, ROMANCE, THE NEWS AND COMMERCE

VOL. XVII. R. BONNER, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR, NO. 40 PARK ROW. NEW YORK, MARCH 16, 1861. TERMS, $2 PER ANNUM, IN ADVANCE. NO. 2.

TO A STAGNANT RIVER

BY ALICE CARY

O, river why lie with your beautiful face
To the hill? Can you move him away from his place?
You may moan—you may clasp him with soft arms forever—
He will still be a flinty hill—you be a river.

'Tis wilful, 'tis wicked to waste in despair,
The treasure so many are dying to share;
The gifts that we have, heaven lends for right using,
And not for ignoring, and not for abusing.

Ah, how can you murmur so low and so sweet—
Your fair bosom under his black, stony feet?
The milkmaid is wiser who sings to her cows
All the same, be there favor or frost on his brows.

Let the moss have his love, and the grass and the dew—
By God's law he cannot be mated with you.
His friend is the stubble, his life is the dust,
You care not what you would, you must be what you must.

If into his keeping, your fortune you cast,
I tell you the end will be hatred at last,
Or death through stagnation—your rest is in motion—
The aim of your being, the cloud and the ocean.

Love cannot be love, with itself set at strife—
To sin against nature is death and not life,
You may freeze in the shadow or seethe in the sun,
But the oil and the water will not be at one.

Your pride and your peace, when this passion is crossed
Will pay for the struggle whatever it cost,
But though earth dissolve, though the heavens should fall,
To yourself, your Creator, be true first of all.

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SILVERTHORNE;

OR,

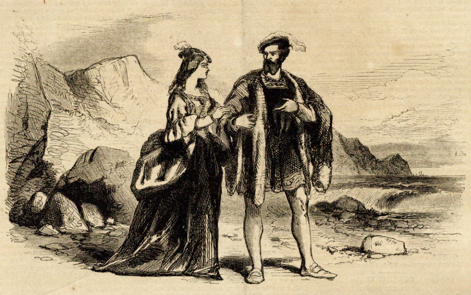
THE HEIRS OF CHESWOLD MANOR.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

CHAPTER IV.

AN HEIR EXPECTANT.

[ENTERED ACCORDING TO ACT OF CONGRESS, IN THE YEAR 1861, BY ROBERT BONNER, IN THE CLERK'S OFFICE OF THE DISTRICT COURT FOR THE SOUTHERN DISTRICT OF NEW YORK.]



THE HAWK AND THE DOVE.

Early on the day following the return of the baronet from Farworth, Owen Murdock sought his brother-in-law, and informed him that he had received a letter from his son.

"He writes me," said Owen, "that he will be here to-day."

"But how is that?" returned Sir Edward. "This is not the season of vacation."

"I know it," admitted Murdock. "But Gerald has probably got a leave of absence just for a short visit. Did you see him while you were in London?"

"No. I had not time to visit him."

"Then he will be glad to see you now."

"I hope we shall find him well, and in the way of mental improvement." And thus speaking, the baronet turned to give some directions to a servant who had been waiting. He did not seem to slight his relative, for the other business demanded his attention.

Towards the middle of the forenoon the Lady Lorinda arrived, and took possession of the rooms which were set apart for her use at Cheswold. When she had thrown off her riding habit, and rested awhile, she and her guardian walked out upon the sea-shore, stopping at a point where the scene was most inviting, and sitting down upon a wave-worn rock. They had thus far spoken upon topics of general interest, following a light and lively conversation, in tune with the break and sparkle of the rolling waters upon the smooth, hard beach. But as they sat down, they both grew sober and thoughtful. The baronet seemed to have something of importance upon his mind, while Lorinda, through a sort of electric sympathy, felt the influence of his intent.

"My dear child," he commenced, taking one of her hands, as was his wont when he talked seriously with her, "I am going to ask you a plain question, and I want you to give me answer as you feel. I expect that Gerald Murdock will be here to-day. He may arrive at the house before we return. His father told me that he had a letter from him and was expecting him. Should you like to see him?"

The maiden gazed up into her guardian's face, as though she expected to read there more than he had spoken.

"Certainly," she replied, "I should like to see him; for he used to be almost a brother to me."

"Used to be?" repeated the baronet, with peculiar emphasis upon the first word. "And is he not as much so now as ever?"

"I don't know," returned Lorinda, gazing first down, and then looking up again. "I sometimes think that, as Gerald and I grow older, we become more like strangers to each other. When we were children, and studied from the same books, we were free and social; but, of late years, he has been away so much, the bonds have seemed to change."

"Exactly. I see," said Sir Edward. "And now," he added, with a change in his look and tone, "let me ask you one thing more: Suppose Gerald should ask you for your hand?"

The girl started—not with any depth of emotion, but with simple surprise.

"Ask me for my hand? I never thought of such a thing."

"Have no such thoughts ever passed your mind, Lorinda?"

"If they have passed, they have done no more," she answered quickly; "for surely I never gave them a serious consideration."

"And yet," pursued the baronet, "it would not be strange if Gerald should think of such a thing with some seriousness."

"Why? Has he spoken with you?" asked the maiden, eagerly.

"No; he has never intimated such a thing directly. I judge only from the nature of circumstances. He is in line of blood the heir of Cheswold; and might it not be likely that he would look upon the heiress of Farworth as a convenient and eligible match, especially when we remember that said heiress is my beautiful ward?"

Flattery from her guardian did not trouble Lorinda, so she had nothing to do but to reflect upon the graver subject of his remark. After a little thought she said, looking up into his face, and speaking with calm, frank earnestness:

"My dear guardian, I know what you mean, and I will answer you truly. This whole subject is new to me. If there had been room for it in my mind, the understanding which, until last evening, had for more than a year existed between you and me, would have effectually excluded it. Aside from the love I feel for you, my heart wears no other chains. As yet I do not dislike Gerald Murdock; but I am very far from loving him as you would intimate."

"And, at present, you would neither accept nor reject an offer of his hand if he were to make it?"

"You are right, I should wish to see and know him better."

"I thank you, darling."

"But," interposed Lorinda, seizing the baronet by the arm as he was about to arise, "let me ask you a question. Do you think that Gerald has any idea of seeking my hand?"

"I have no clue, save such as I have mentioned," replied Sir Edward, candidly. "I can only judge of his disposition by what I feel that I should do, were I in his place. He can make known his desires as it may please him; but I wished to know how you felt in advance. And now, my sweet one, we will wait for further developments."

"One thing more," the maiden urged, still detaining her guardian by the arm. "You have called up new thoughts in my mind, and as yet they are entirely untrammelled by any deeper emotions. If Gerald should make such a proposition to me—if he should ask for my hand—circumstances, simple in themselves, might have immediate and important influence. As a man I know but little of his character. What think you of him? How has he conducted himself since he has been out in the world?"

Sir Edward bowed his head, and thought. At length he said, in a low, careful tone, that speaks the generous heart that would not wrong an innocent person:

"I cannot tell you, my child. Remember, it has been almost a year since I have seen him. But we can judge when we meet him. I think, if you observe him carefully, you can satisfy yourself. Is not that enough?"

"It is enough," said Lorinda. And then she arose, and walked by her guardian's side along the beach.

In the meantime there had been a conversation at the house touching this same subject. Not long after Sir Edward and his ward left, a horseman rode up the park and dismounted at the door. He was a young man, of eight-and-twenty years; not very tall; and rather fleshy. In fact, there was a tendency to obesity in his form, though there seemed a goodly amount of muscular development at the foundation. His head was small, and somewhat low, its greatest thickness being before and behind the ears. His face was not a bad looking one; though at times his eyes wore rather an unpleasant expression, especially when he was startled into some quick, eager look.

And such was Gerald Murdock, Owen's only child. He had, in years gone by, found a home at Cheswold, and Sir Edward had taken upon himself the expense of his education. He was the child of Stanton's only sister, and the only near relative by blood that the baronet had living. Owen Murdock greeted his son with apparent warmth, and then asked those questions touching his journey which would naturally be suggested under the circumstances.

"You would like some wine, Gerald, after your jaunt," suggested the parent, as he led the way into one of the drawing-rooms.

"I should prefer brandy," replied the son. "I have had a hard tug, and need something a little more generous than the weepings of grapes."

So brandy was ordered, and the conversation turned upon the young man's professional prospects.

"I tell you plainly, governor," said Gerald, helping himself to the third glass of brandy, "that I don't like the law. However, if the need should come, and I could make a living in no other way, I might turn to it. I know enough of law, and can make it pay if driven to it.——But, I ought to have more in prospect. Cheswold ought to fall to me."

"I know it ought to, my son; but will it?"

"It will if my uncle don't give us the slip."

"Aye," returned Owen, with a shake of the head; "but that slip may be easily given. Sir Edward is yet hale and strong. In fact, he is right in the prime of manhood; and, if he marries, I fear our hope is gone."

Gerald's brow darkened, and his hands were clutched upon his knees.

"And does he mean to marry with Lorinda Verbrook?"

"There can be no doubt of it."

"S'death! I have been looking that way myself. If he does that, my castle is shattered to the ground. I have dreamed in earnest that I was heir of Cheswold, and that the fair domain of Farworth came to me with the hand of its lovely owner. I knew that Sir Edward had shown an inclination that way, but I did not suppose the girl would have him."

"You were wrong there, Gerald. She would do anything to please him. If he says marry, marry it will be."

"But," cried the young man highly excited, "this must not be! It cannot be! I will not lose every prospect of life thus! Sooner than see him take the fair, young mistress of Farworth for his wife, I'd—I'd——"

"What, Gerald? What would you do?"

"Never mind. I'll think of it."

"That's right, my son. There's time enough, and we can think to a better purpose if we think coolly. So let the matter rest for now. Your uncle will soon be here, and Lorinda with him. Meet them as if nothing had happened. Meet them cheerfully and cordially, and leave the rest to the future."

Gerald took another glass of brandy, and then went with his father out into the park, where, ere long, they met the baronet and his ward. Sir Edward greeted the young man kindly, and then presented Lorinda. She was glad to see him, but she could not quite act herself under the circumstances. The burden of the conversation which had passed only a short time before was upon her, and it required an effort to throw it off. Her guardian, however, quickly comprehended her difficulty, and came to her assistance, and ere long they were conversing quite freely and naturally. Gerald's tongue was loose and flippant, and when he found that Lorinda listened to him, he made no difficulty in entertaining her.

"How is it, Gerald," asked the baronet, "that you are away from the court at this season? I thought business was brisk."

"By my life, you'd think it was brisk if you had it to attend to," replied the young man, in a rattling way. "For four months I've been at it, night and day, and a week ago I got my docket clear, so that I could run off, and breathe the fresh air at Cheswold for awhile."

The baronet seemed satisfied with the reply, and by and by he and Owen walked away together, leaving Gerald and Lorinda to take care of each other. For a while the maiden felt a little uneasy in this new company, but gradually she gained control over herself, and listened to her companion's stories with some show of interest. By and by they talked of the old times, and then she became interested in reality, for she did not wholly like Gerald's tone and manner when he was telling of his adventures in the great metropolis. It sounded to her very much as though he enlarged a little upon the truth. She might be mistaken, but then she could not help her feelings.

In the meantime the two men had walked towards the house, and Owen tried, in a roundabout way, to draw from Sir Edward what he thought of Gerald, but the baronet evaded the direct issue. He hoped that his nephew would prosper, and he meant to help him if he could; but he did not say how he would help him, nor did he intimate how much confidence he reposed in him.

"There is no need of being in haste touching Gerald's further prospects," he said, as though he would dismiss the subject. "We shall of course see that some provision is made. At present I presume that his profession yields him something, and when he has found some sort of a settlement for life, I shall know better how to meet his wants. At all events, he won't be likely to be in great need till he gets a wife."

"Ah," replied Owen, with a shake of the head, "the Lord only knows when that will be. I fear he will not easily find the companion for a happy marriage."

"He must look sharp, and look earnestly," said the baronet.

"Perhaps he has done so," rejoined Owen. "And perhaps he has fixed his heart where his hand cannot go."

"Ah—I was not aware of that. How is it?"

"You must ask him. I only judge from some disjointed utterances which I caught when he knew not that I heard him. I hope for the best, and yet I fear that he must suffer."

The baronet did not reply to this, but walked along, with his eyes bent upon the ground, for some distance, and when he finally spoke, it was upon another subject. Owen had been watching him sharply, and he may have fancied that he could read his thoughts; but since he was entirely on the wrong track, it is not likely that he succeeded.

At a later hour Owen Murdock was alone with his son.

"I have touched the baronet upon a tender spot," the parent said. "We were speaking of the probability of your marrying, and I intimated to him that you had already bestowed your love upon a maiden, but that your hand could not go with it. Of course he knew my meaning, and it affected him considerably. He was ready enough to leave your marriage alone, and turn to something else."

"And yet, father," returned Gerald, with considerable assurance, "I think you are mistaken. I have sounded Lorinda, and I do not believe that she expects to become the wife of my uncle. I approached the subject so carefully that she could not have mistrusted my intent, and if I can read anything, I think I can read that she will not be married to Sir Edward."

"Tut, tut, my son, you must be mistaken. I know that such has been the plan, and I do not believe that the baronet has changed his mind."

"I don't care about that," persisted Gerald. "The baronet may meditate some such thing, but I am confident that the lady Lorinda does not. Of course there is a possibility that I may be mistaken, but I do not think so."

"Perhaps," said Owen, after a pause, "Lorinda does not relish the match."

"It may be so."

"Upon my soul, I should hope so, and yet I can hardly credit it. She will do just as her guardian says. He will marry her if he wishes, and that he does wish it I am certain. But wait."

And there were two others who had a word to say upon the transactions of the day. Before she retired, Lorinda went in to kiss her guardian, and bid him good-night.

"What of Gerald?" the baronet asked, before he let her go.

The maiden hesitated.

"Speak plainly, darling. Do you like him?"

"No."

"Why not?"

"I should fear him. His presence is chilling and dark. He is not true. He is not honest."

"Perhaps you may feel differently when you know him better."

"Then I should have to forget these first impressions, and I do not think that could be easily done."

"Very well. You may be right. Good-night."

And when Lorinda had gone, Sir Edward sat there in his great chair, with his head resting upon his hand, until the candle burned down, and the blackened wick lay over the edge of the cup, dropping its waxen tears upon the table.

CHAPTER V.

ON THE SEA, AND IN THE SEA.

For several days things moved on at Cheswold in an ordinary course. Old Silverthorne came once or twice, spending some time in the baronet's library. What was the nature of his business no one outside of the library knew. The gate-keeper had seen him again and again, and had been puzzled more than before. In fact, the poor fellow had rubbed his head so much in his vain conjectures over the, to him, mysterious affair, that the naturally tough and ox-like skin had become sore and tender. Gerald had spent much time in the society of Lorinda, and more than once had he resumed his effort to gain some clue to her intentions touching marriage with his uncle, but in this he was wholly unsuccessful. She may have been a little unguarded on the occasion of their first interview, but she had not been since. She evidently fathomed his intent, and evaded the issue. Moreover, Gerald discovered that she did not betray any deep interest in his stories of metropolitan life, though she did seem interested when he came soberly and rationally down to home affairs, thus giving her an opportunity to express her own thoughts and feelings understandingly, which she did with so much grace and purity, that her companion often found himself actually giving place in his soul to elevated emotions.

The result of all this was, that Gerald finally made up his mind that he loved the maiden, towards which conviction there were probably three causes at work. First—The lady was young and beautiful, and would make a wife of whom any man might be proud. Secondly—she was heiress of the rich domain of Farworth, and would thus bring considerable wealth to her husband. And, thirdly—He had come to believe that she meant to marry with his uncle. This last conclusion, if it did not give direction to his passion, at least quickened and intensified it, and made him more eager and impatient. But he had not spoken of his love to Lorinda. He was not bold and frank enough for that. From a natural instinct of his nature, he was waiting for some under current by which he might sweep on secretly and more securely.

One pleasant morning Owen Murdock proposed a hunting excursion, and as Sir Edward had no excuse for refusal, he agreed to join in the sport. So the horses were brought out and caparisoned, the dogs collected, and the game-keepers armed and equipped, and very soon after breakfast the party set forth, to be gone all day. Lorinda spent the forenoon in the library, and after dinner she walked down upon the beach. Near the boat-house she met Jack Spencer, her guardian's old boatman, and the idea occurred to her that she would have a sail. The weather was so fine, and the sea so smooth, that the prospect was too tempting to be resisted, and straightway she made known to the old man her wishes.

"I'm all alone, my leddy," said Jack, giving a pull upon the rim of his bright tarpaulin, and then hitching up his trowsers.

"But you can sail the barge easy enough," returned Lorinda, "and you know I can help a good deal. Come—the folks have all gone, and I am lonesome."

"In course you and I can sail her easy enough wi' this spit o' wind."

"Yes—and see how smooth the sea is, Jack."

"I know it, my leddy. It's smooth enough now, but it mayn't be for a long time."

"Pooh," cried the eager damsel, giving her head a toss as she surveyed the clear sky, "there can't be any trouble to-day."

The old sailor swept the horizon with a careful gaze, and finally pointed his finger towards the northwest.

"D'ye look there, Miss Lorinda," he said, with his eye fixed upon the point thus designated. "S'pose yer eye was stronger, ye might see the Isle o' Man, an' farther on, the Scotch coast, where it stretches down to the Mull o' Galloway, an' yet farther still, ye might look oft into the North Channel. Sometimes there's ugly winds come a blowin' down from there. It's a long way off to them cold waters—some fifty leagues, or more—but their mighty winds don't make no difficulty o' findin' their way down here."

"I know all that, Jack; but surely there can be no danger this afternoon. See how bright it is."

"My dear leddy, can ye see the Isle o' Man?"

"No," said Lorinda, looking off over the sea.

"But ye can see it plain enough sometimes?"

"Yes."

"An' why can't ye see it now?"

"Because it's a little hazy, Jack."

"So it is, Miss Lorinda."

"O,—pooh!" dropped impatiently from the maiden's lips. "Don't be so fearful, Jack. If you're afraid, you needn't go far from shore. For my part, I don't believe we're going to have a bit of unpleasant weather; but, if you say so, we'll only stand off and on, so that we can run in at any moment."

"I aint afeared for myself, Miss Lorinda."

"Then don't be afraid for me. Come—get out the barge, and let's have a sail,—that's a good old Jack. I'll pull the ropes, and make 'em fast, and hold the helm, and—and—do anything you want."

Jack Spencer could not withstand the entreaties of the fair petitioner, and ere long he gave up, and brought the barge out from the boat-house. It was a beautiful little craft, sloop-rigged, and carrying a flying-jib and a gaff-topsail when required. It was decked over from the bows to the quarters, affording quite a convenient bunk room in the cuddy thus formed; while the room in the stern-sheets was nicely arranged for the comfort of voyagers. On the present occasion Jack left the gaff-topsail in the house, and did not unfurl the flying-jib, seeming to think that the jib and broad, heavy mainsail would be about as much as they would care to handle. When the sails had been loosed, and the sheets rove, Lorinda took her seat, and pretty soon they were bounding away over the deep waters.

"O—isn't this delightful!" cried the buoyant girl, as she faced the pure, fresh breeze. "How much better than being hived up all alone in the great house!"

"Without anybody to keep company with," suggested Jack.

"Aye," responded Lorinda.

"With Sir Edward gone."

"Aye."

"And—with Master Gerald gone, too," added the old man, casting a furtive glance into his companion's face.

"No more of that, Jack," said Lorinda, quickly.

The sailor's quick eye caught the shudder that ran through her frame, and he seemed to comprehend its meaning; for, as he turned to give an extra turn of the jib-sheet around the cleet, he muttered loud enough for her to hear, though such was evidently not his intention,—"Thank Heaven for that!" And then, as though he felt called upon to change a subject which had reached so delicate a point, he said:

"This is the first time I've had the barge out for a month. Sir Edward don't seem to care so much about sailin' as he used to. I think he's a gettin' kind o' melancholy like, don't you?"

Lorinda started; for this remark touched her deeply. Her guardian had been melancholy,—she knew it. For a moment there was a presence of self-reproach; but she soon put it away. Surely she was not the cause. No,—as she reflected she saw evidence enough to convince her that the source of the baronet's trouble was outside and beyond herself.

"Still," pursued Jack, when he saw that his companion was silent, "it isn't anything new for him to be melancholy. He's suffered a good deal. But—don't ye think that the presence of Owen Murdock is kind o' gloomsome to him?"

"O, you mustn't talk so, Jack. It isn't any of our business how he may regard his brother-in-law. We came out to enjoy ourselves. Now sing me something."

The old sailor felt that he had ventured upon forbidden ground; and, to make his peace with the lovely girl, he immediately cleared his throat, and piped forth the wonderful ditty of "The Great Sea Snake."

"Good!" cried Lorinda, when the song was concluded; and, to give force to her plaudit, she pealed forth the refrain,—

"Then landsmen all, I pray you, grieve,
And do some pity take,
To think what sailors do receive
All from this great Sea Snake!"

"Bravo!" cried Jack, in turn. "And now, sweet leddy, you must sing to me."

Nothing could please her better than thus to gratify the wish of the kind-hearted old man; and she sang some of her sweetest songs. Jack did not applaud these as he had applauded the refrain to his own ditty. They touched him too deeply for that; and more than once he was caught in the act of wiping the fugitive tear from his rough, brown cheek.

And thus passed the minutes away—stretching out into hours—old Jack singing, in a voice by no means unmusical, bluff songs of the ocean, and his fair companion responding, in her sweet notes of heart and soul, with themes of home and heaven. And during all this time the barge had been leaping blithely over the waves—straight out to sea—her graceful prow seeming to keep time in its boundings to the music of her inmates. Thus out, until some five leagues separated them from the point they had left. Lorinda had just ceased singing, the soft cadence of her music still trembling upon the air, when Jack gave a start as though something frightened him.

"What is it?" asked Lorinda.

"We've been careless—werry careless. Look out for yer head, my leddy."

They had thus far had the wind very nearly abeam, upon the starboard side, and as Jack spoke, he put up the helm, and eased off the sheets, for the purpose of wearing around, and standing back. As soon as the boom had been shifted over, and the boat's head was pointed in-shore, he spoke again:

"What in the world 'ave I been thinkin' on! I'd no idee we'd run so far."

"But, Jack, where's the trouble? With this breeze we can very soon run back again."

"Aye—wi' this breeze. But we won't have this breeze long, I'm afeared."

And as the old man thus spoke he cast an uneasy glance upon the horizon away in the direction of the Scotch coast.

"I ought to 'ave know'd better."

"But, dear Jack, what is the matter?"

"Jes' look here away, my leddy, to the nor'rd an' west'rd. D'ye see the color o' lead there, wi' a line o' blood next to the water?"

"It does look curious off there," admitted Lorinda, when she had followed the direction.

"Well,—that's where there's wind bottled up, an' when the cork pops out it'll howl and hiss. But I hope we'll escape it."

And yet the old sailor's face showed that his hope was not a well-founded one. He was very anxious, and continued to abuse himself, in relentless terms, for having been so thoughtless.

"If I'd only 'a looked," he said, "I might 'a seed all this half an hour ago."

"Never mind that now," urged the maiden, who was far more moved by Jack's distress than by the threatened danger. "What is passed is passed, and cannot now be undone. Here we are, and let us hope for the best. If there is any blame, let it fall upon me, as it rightfully should."

"No," replied the boatman. "If there's blame, it is mine. I ought 'o 've kept my eye open. But we won't worry any more about it. Leastwise, we'll keep up all we can. An' yet—when I look off there, it kind o' makes me feel queer."

"Then I wouldn't look off there, Jack. Look towards Cheswold. There's where we are bound."

But the old man could not do this. His eyes would ever and anon turn to the dark point, as though some wild beast were lurking there, which might at any moment spring upon him. In a very short time an exclamation of alarm broke from his lips, and a blanched spot was upon his cheek. The wind had died away as though a broad shield had been suddenly interposed, and a death-like stillness settled over the waters, with gloom and threatening.

Had the stout old sailor been alone, there would have been no quiver in his heart, for he was used to danger; but when he gazed upon the fair, frail form of the maiden, and remembered how much was at stake in her person, the sense of responsibility came heavily upon him.

"What is it now?" asked Lorinda, speaking in a hushed tone.

"It's comin'," replied Jack.

"What's coming?"

"The wind, my leddy."

As he spoke, there came a puff from the southwest, and he was forced to let the boom over upon the larboard quarter.

"Is that it?" asked the maiden.

"No," answered Jack. "It aint a comin' from that way. This won't last long."

Shortly after this Lorinda called her companion's attention to the buoy, which had been secured upon the forecastle, and which seemed to be working itself clear of its lanyard. It was of conical shape, made of Spanish cork, and was chiefly used as a fender, to keep the barge from chafing when in the boat-house.

"If you'll hold the tiller a minute, I'll go for'rd an' secure that buoy," said Jack.

"I can hold it," replied Lorinda. "Don't be afraid. I'm quite a sailor."

The old man had reached the heel of the bowsprit, and was upon the point of taking a turn of the buoy-rope around one the cleets, when a cry from Lorinda arrested the movement.

"Look! What is that?" she cried.

He did look, and away to the north'rd and west'rd, in the direction of the leaden sky, with the blood-red line upon the horizon, he saw a long line of crested waves, advancing like a host of white-plumed warriors; and at the same time he noticed that the puff from the opposite direction had died away.

"Hold hard!" he shouted, starting to his feet, and hurrying aft. "Shove the helm hard a starboard! Let her come up to it if she will!"

Under ordinary circumstances the girl might have comprehended and obeyed this order; but not now. As the wind had been upon the starboard quarter when she took the helm, she had her seat upon that side, and instinctively pushed the tiller from her. Still the blunder could have made but little, if any, difference; for, as Jack reached the break of the deck the squall was upon them.

"Down! down!" he cried, as he saw the heavy boom about to jibe.

The maiden bowed her head in season to avoid the danger; and, as she felt the boat heel over beneath the blow, she remained crouching low down out of the way. Not so, however, Jack. As soon as the boom had jibed he arose and started for the helm. The sheet was parted, and as the boat flew around and heeled the other way, the boom came back, striking the old man upon the shoulder as it swept on its resistless course.

Lorinda heard a crash, as of a rending sail; and a sharp, quick cry, as of some one in danger. She started up, and gazed wildly around. The main sheets had been carried away; the ball wrenched from its socket in the mast; the boom gone by the board; and the sail flying in rended fragments from the hoops and gaff. But where was her companion?

Another sound—another cry—and she saw Jack Spencer struggling against the maddened sea, far, far beyond her reach! What could she do? In that moment of wild frenzy she knew not what to do. She saw the old man rise and fall—she saw his grey head swept by the breaking waves—she heard his cry for help,—and she could only stretch forth her hands towards him, and beg of God to be merciful!

A moment thus, and then a sea dashed over the boat's quarter, hurling the poor girl against the bulkhead of the cabin, and for a time closing her consciousness to the awful scene!

CHAPTER VI.

AFTER THE STORM.

Lorinda had not been injured by the fall, and as soon as consciousness returned, she struggled to her feet, holding on by the frame work of the bulkhead. Her first thought was of Jack, and she gazed around to see if she could discover him; but he was nowhere in sight. She strained her eyes in every direction, till she was fairly blinded by the spray that dashed into her face; and when she finally bowed her head to escape the bewildering flood, she was forced to the painful belief that her aged companion was lost. When she next looked around it was for the purpose of discovering her own situation. She found that the mainsail was nearly all blown away, but that the jib was still on, with its sheet fast; and that the boat was rushing on before the wind. The sky had grown black and fearful; the gale was howling with maniac voice; and the sea was rising, the waves already rolling above the frail bark on every hand.

But—was she being driven towards home? She looked to see. No! Away in the dim distance, like a grim spectre, she could distinguish the turrets of the old manor house; and they were upon her left hand. The gale was from the northwest, and it was sweeping her farther down the sea! With a wild impulse, unguarded by reason or reflection, she seized the tiller, and bore it down. She thought of home—of the beach at Cheswold—and she would turn the boat in that direction. The sudden movement of the helm was felt, and as the bows came up, the jib, which had been drawing upon the starboard tack, was blown over with a force that snapped the sheet as though it had been a whip cord. The blocks were next snapped off; and and very soon the sail was being rent into fragments. The unfortunate girl quickly realized that she had done something wrong, for the boat, now that the headsail was gone, turned broadside to the wind, and was driven into the trough of the sea. And now, in order to save herself from being washed overboard, Lorinda was forced to crouch low down, and cling to the thwarts with all her strength; for the breaking waves dashed madly over the boat, beating upon her, and drenching her with their relentless flood.

As the poor girl thus bent down, with her knees upon the floor, and the water washing about her, she prayed to God, crying aloud for mercy; and yet she felt that she must die! What power could save her. Surely the frail bark could not long survive such terrific force. Every sea, as it broke upon her, seemed ready to hurl her to destruction; and more than once had the tall mast been dipped into the water. Still, as sea after sea came over, and the boat did not founder, the maiden began to pray with more heart.

In truth, the barge was most stoutly built, and well freighted with ballast. She was very deep, and the ballast so put in that it could not shift. And not only this, but there were air-tight chambers, fore and aft, which gave a bouyancy that simple water-logging could not overcome.

After awhile Lorinda ventured to look up again. At first she saw only what she had seen before—the wild, angry sea, and the black sky; but presently she saw another sight, that brought a new cry of terror to her lips. Not far distant —not more than a mile—she saw a long line of high dashing foam, and heard a roar, like the bellowing of wild beasts. Ah—too well did she know what it was! for in fair weather she had sailed around there with her guardian, even then viewing with a feeling of awe the black, ugly rocks upon which many a life had been lost. They were the Black Ledges, and extended out, in a direct line, over two miles from the shore. At high water they were almost entirely covered; but when the tide was at its ebb, they loomed up sharp and jagged.

And towards these ledges the barge was being driven swiftly and surely. It could not be long before they would be reached, and that would be the end! Cold, shivering, and palsied, and with her grasp weakening at every moment, Lorinda gazed upon the terrible scene. The mad seas, lashed to fury against the rocks, leaped high into the air, and sent forth over the troubled waters their dread notes of alarm. Through the deepening gloom, towards the shore she saw a black speck, rising and falling upon the waves, now buried in the breaking sea, and anon riding high upon the towering crests. At first she thought it might be a rock; but she had sense enough left to realize that a rock could not float as that object must be floating. What was it? If there was a hope in her bosom that it might be some ark of safety, it was but a dim and painful one—painful because it gave new impulse to her fears.

On dashed the devoted boat—now tossed high in the air, and anon plunged deep into the boiling abyss—now riding upright, and then hurled far over upon her side—and yet the struggling girl clung to the rail—clung with a frozen, dying grip—hoarsely whispering her frantic prayers. Soon the ledges were so near that the spray seemed to be dashed back upon her from their black tops, and the roar was fairly deafening. As she struggled to retain her dying energies, a huge sea swept over her, dashing her back into the water that filled the boat. She put forth her hands and grasped a thwart; but she could see nothing, for she was buried in the flood. There was a sharp concussion—a crash—and another flood,—and with the last groan of her expiring energies, the fainting girl released her hold upon the thwart. She had closed her eyes, and murmured her last prayer; for she dimly thought that the gates of the ocean grave were opened for her. But she did not strike upon the jagged rocks; she was not hurled from the boat. She felt a strong grasp upon her arm —something lifting her from the flood—and the tones of a human voice, sounding strangely sweet in her ear, were mingled with the dreadful roar of the breakers. And yet she could not see—she could not speak. Nature was too far exhausted, and her senses left her. She may have known something after that. She may have felt something of the rising and falling upon the great seas—but nothing came to her senses with any force of realization.

And so was shut out from the soul of Lorinda Verbrook the terrors of that dreadful storm. She had borne enough of the awful conflict, and, in mercy, she bore no more!

In the meantime how was it with Jack Spencer? Was he lost? We shall see. The blow which had knocked him overboard had not stunned him, nor had it materially lamed him, as he received it upon the crown of the shoulder; so he had his senses about him as soon as he got his head above water. He called out to Lorinda with all his might, bidding her to change the helm, with the hope that the boat might be brought so that he could reach it; but she did not understand him, and he saw the bark swept away, with her mainsail rent, but her jib drawing with a firm sheet. 'Twas the last of the fair mistress of Farworth, he thought; and, too, the last of himself. He was settling into a deep trough, struggling stoutly against the cruel fate, when something struck him upon the shoulder. He put forth his hand, and clutched at an object which was sweeping past him. It was a rope, and it required much strength to hold it. He drew in upon it, and soon found that he had secured the buoy which had been cast from the bows of the barge! An ejaculation of thanks followed this discovery, and he speedily set himself at work to secure the prize which he had so fortunately obtained. The buoy, which he had not been able to make fast to its cleet upon the boat, must have been swept over when the boom jibed; and thus a seeming mishap was likely to prove the means of his salvation. As soon as he got the buoy under his breast, he contrived to pass the rope over his back; and, after much labor, he succeeded in so lashing himself to it, that it could not be swept from him.

When Jack had thus gained the means of keeping himself above the water, he turned his attention to the boat, which he could plainly see when he rose to the top of the high waves.

"It's all over!" he muttered, after he had watched the boat awhile. "'Twould 'a been better if the jib had gone, too!"

He saw that the barge was not driving exactly before the wind, but had an inclination to the southward. And, finally, when he felt sure that the jib had gone, his knowledge of the coast and its currents led him to the conviction that the unfortunate bark must be driven upon the Black Ledges. In a little while the boat was lost to his sight, and he believed that he should never see its fair occupant again! He could only send forth a simple prayer in her behalf, and then turn his attention to his own safety.

It was a hard, fierce struggle, but the light, buoyant mass which the old sailor had secured kept him safely upon the top of the water, so that his only exertions were to keep his back to the driving seas, and protect his mouth and eyes. His chances were dubious; but yet he had hopes. In his lifetime he had escaped many dangers; and he might escape this. He would have a fearful tale to tell to his master, should he meet him again in the land of the living; but the tale had better be told, terrible as it was, than that the fate of the Lady Lorinda should be shrouded in doubt. As night shut in, and a darker mantle settled over the angry sea, Jack felt that he was near the shore. A little while longer, and, faint and benumbed, bruised and bewildered, he was cast upon the beach. As he felt the hard sand beneath him he instinctively struggled up out of the way of the waves, and then sank down exhausted. By and by he heard voices near at hand, sounding above the roar of the elements, and, with returning energy, he started up and answered. The light of lanterns flashed upon him, and he saw, gathering around him, the baronet, Owen Murdock, Gerald, and several of the servants. They helped clear him from the buoy, for until now he had no strength to do it. When he arose to his feet, he met the gaze of Sir Edward, and at that moment he almost wished that he had been swallowed up by the storm; for he knew not how to tell the sad story. For a full minute they gazed upon each other, the cold spray from the breaking surge dashing upon them, and the mighty roar sounding in their ears. At length the baronet spoke:

"The Lady Lorinda was with you?"

"Yes."

"Where is she now?

The old sailor bowed his head, and covered his face with his hands; and the groan of agony which burst from his bosom was heard above the voice of the storm. Sir Edward reached forth and took his hand.

"Jack, I have no blame for thee; but—where is my darling?"

"Gone! gone!"

"But how? If thou art saved, why was she lost?"

"I was saved by being first lost," replied Jack. "If I had not been swept into the sea, I might have brought her safely with me. O, listen to me, and say that I am not all to blame. With the dreadful load that must forever and evermore rest on my soul, and weigh down my heart let me not bear your displeasure!"

And when they had moved further up from the sea, Jack told his story—told it in a few words, describing vividly and concisely all that had transpired. The baronet struggled with the mighty emotion that rent his soul, and finally rose for the time above it.

"Jack, I blame you not. Had the calamity been less, I might have said more; but, as it is, your own reflections must give you suffering enough. Upon the Black Ledges you say the bark must have been driven?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then let us search in that direction. Under the guidance of a merciful Providence there may be hope yet."

All night long did the baronet and his men wander up and down the coast; but no traces of the barge could they find. With the rising of the morning's sun the storm passed away; and then they went out with boats to the Ledges. High up among the black and ragged rocks they saw fragments of a wreck, and Sir Edward knew that they were pieces of his own barge! It was far out—almost to the end of the line of breakers —and the rest of the ill-fated bark had been swept away down the sea. But was there a trace of Lorinda? No. They searched in every direction, but without avail.

At noon, faint, weary and sad, Sir Edward sank down in his library, and bowed his head upon his table.

"O, God!" he cried, starting up, and lifting his clasped hands towards Heaven, "is there no hope of light or life? Must it end thus! Is the last lone star faded from the firmament? Great Father of Justice and of Mercy, it cannot, cannot be!"

And then he sank forward again, with his face upon his hands, and groaned aloud.

Away in another part of the mansion were Owen Murdock and his son. They had been conversing upon the event of the night; but not with that deep feeling of sympathy and sorrow which pervaded the hearts of the other inmates.

"Upon my soul," said Gerald, rubbing his knees with his thumbs, "I am sorry she is lost, for I think I might have finally gained her to my wishes."

"It is better as it is," returned the father; "for now Sir Edward will never marry again, and we may be saved the necessity of doing a very heavy piece of work."

"Perhaps it is as you say," rejoined the son. "But still Farworth would have made a handsome addition to my property."

"You might never have gained it, my son."

"By the soul of me, I would have tried!" said Gerald, with closed teeth and a clenched fist. "I would have tried, sir! I tell you, governor, *with her guardian out of the way*, I might have done much!"

This last was spoken in a whisper, and with the head significantly bowed. The parent started, and gazed eagerly into his son's face.

"What do yo mean, Gerald?" he asked, in the same low tone.

"Do you not know what I mean?"

"Never mind. Tell me."

"May I not mean just what you have meant?"

Again the parent started, as though some secret string, which he had deemed safely hidden had been touched by the finger of his son.

"Speak, Gerald. What do you mean?"

"Perhaps," returned the young man, looking out from the corners of his eyes, "my meaning may have been more simple than you imagine. People sometimes fall sick and die. Old men especially do this; and next come middle-aged men who have nothing left to live for. If there is any rule about it, my uncle may not be an exception to that rule."

"Did you mean no more than that?" Owen Murdock spoke more low than before, and hoarsely; and his gaze was fixed upon his son as though he would read his innermost thoughts. "Did you mean no more?"

"Why so earnest, my governor? Have I touched an answering cord? Have I hit you upon a familiar thought? Have you, too, dreamed that Sir Edward might not live a great while?"

"Hush, Gerald!"

And Owen Murdock gazed around as though he feared that some other ear might catch the words.

"Ah,—you have dreamed such a dream." And the son leaned forward, and looked up into his father's face.

"Hush, Gerald! Beware how you speak. Beware how you dream. I have had such a dream; but——"

"What?"

"If SHE be dead——"

Gerald understood the meaning of the unfinished sentence; and he asked no more.

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

BITTER FRUITS.

I had been a widow ten years when the first great sorrow of my widowhood came: I had to part from my boy—my too much indulged boy, that he might go to the celebrated school at which he was to be educated.

Harry was delighted at the thought of change, and spite of his affectionate nature made light of my tears and anxieties. But this, alas! was my first experience of that ingratitude which I was destined often to find "sharper than a serpent's tooth."

While I remained in solitude at Lychedale, measuring the slow passage of his months of absence, he was forming new acquaintances and associations, exultant in the freedom and variety of his life, and scarcely sending a thought toward the parent whose whole existence seemed centred in his. Thus year after year passed, lonely and sad, their monotony only broken by the vacation visits, that, after he entered college, were avoided frequently on one pretext and another, or by the frequent or imperious demands for money, which often proved a sore embarrassment to me.

In vain did I remonstrate with Harry. His extravagance knew no bounds. Bills came pouring in to me from the panderers to his vices, which left me in no doubt as to his habits and associations; and when I wrote reproving and warning him, his answer was that he should greatly prefer that I sent him the money he asked for, as this would preclude the necessity of my being annoyed by his bills.

Some sentiment of shame or wounded pride prevented him from visiting me after the revelations to which I have alluded. I saw him less and less frequently, and when, soon after he left college, he requested permission to spend some time in foreign travel, I willingly consented, anxious, if possible, to convince him that no reasonable demand should remain ungratified. I even offered to accompany him, but was mortified to find that he had already made his arrangements to go abroad with a company of young men of his own age and class. I saw that my presence was not desired, and would but serve to make all parties uncomfortable, and resigned myself to the coming season of loneliness.

Harry came down to say farewell. He passed a few days at Lychedale, to which he was, I am sure, fondly attached, and softened by the thought of parting from it and me, and perhaps also by the sight of the ravages which sorrow and anxiety had made upon my face and form, he conducted himself during his stay with something of his old tenderness and boyish enjoyment of home. Notwithstanding the impending parting, those were for me the happiest days I had long known. But following all too soon came the farewells.

Five years had passed away. For more than two of them my son had returned to his native country. But I was still at Lychedale, and desolate—more desolate than when the ocean divided us.

During Harry's absence in Europe I had taken an orphan girl, daughter of a deceased tenant of one of the Lychedale farms, to live with me as a sort of companion and humble friend. The girl was lovely and innocent, utterly ignorant of the world's ways, and distinguished for nothing but her budding beauty, and a manner the most winning and affectionate. In a little time she had come to fill almost a daughter's place in my heart, and to while away much of its dreary loneliness. I was busying myself with schemes for her education, and half resolving to formally adopt her as my daughter, and thus introduce her into society, when Harry returned from Europe.

He came to Lychedale for a few weeks, and there first met Annetta. He had not known her as a child, because her father had only come to live upon the estate after his departure to school. He was struck by her rare beauty and winning grace, while she, prepared to admire the son of her benefactress, and thus brought for the first time into proximity with a young gentleman of faultless exterior and polished manners, was filled with a thousand emotions inexplicable to herself, but which his practiced eye readily interpreted in the changes of her lovely features.

But why linger upon the details of this disastrous visit. Harry returned to town, and Annetta's wistful face grew pale, and the outlines of her drooping figure sharpened. She had been happy as a bird at Lychedale until Harry came, but now, like a bird o'ertaken by the storm, she drooped her wings, and refused to sing.

I saw that she loved Harry, saw it with a pang of selfish anguish, and acknowledged that he had seemed greatly pleased with her. I thought myself strangely generous in what I now see to have been only a new phase of selfishness. Annetta was of humble station, not fitted in birth or education to become the bride of my son. But it occurred to me that a marriage with this innocent and lovely creature, if he really loved her, might save him by ending his sinful career at the threshold of a pure and quiet life. God forgive me! I never thought of Annetta's happiness when I plotted to consign her to the arms of this young profligate, already old in vice. I wrote to Henry, telling him that Annetta loved him, and bidding him come and make her his wife with my full consent. He answered my letter in person, and seemed overwhelmed with gratitude at the offers I made him.

They were married, half my fortune was at once settled upon the bridegroom, and they took up their abode at Lychedale. For a few weeks Harry remained quietly, and apparently happy, at home. Then the old wandering spirit again possessed him, and his absences became frequent and protracted, until not more than a year had elapsed from the marriage when he took up his abode almost altogether in town. And mother and wife, alike deserted, remained sadly at the home he contemned.

But this quiet, helpless sadness was joy to the troubles that followed. Word was brought me one morning that a strange lady had arrived and desired to see me. I descended to the drawing-room, and saw there a person of extraordinary dark, bright beauty, who rose to meet me with a frown, and a fierce light in her eyes, that told her errand was of no friendly nature.

I have never been able to describe that interview. It is sufficient to say that ere it ended I was convinced, by irrefragible proofs, that the true wife of my son stood before me—that I had been deceived, Annetta dishonored, and the unblemished name bequeathed by my husband to his child, stained with the deepest disgrace. I bade the woman seek her husband in the town, and pointed her towared the door. As she passed into the hall, she stumbled over the prostrate form of Annetta, lying cold and still where she had fallen upon the threshold. I remembered then, too late, that I had bidden her follow me to the drawing-room, and I knew that she, too, had listened to that story of terrible wrong.

The Italian departed, as she had come, sullen and frowning, and we bore the poor stricken Annetta to her chamber. Ere the following morning she gave birth to a dead infant, and two days afterwards, in a fiercer access of the delirium that had possessed her since that fatal revelation, she wandered from her home. For a week search was unavailing, and then her lovely form was washed ashore from its bed of death in the river that ran through the demesne of Lychedale.

A letter from Harry, half penitent, half angry, reached me that day. He blamed me for all he had done, for his pretended marriage, for sending his true wife to him, and, in a few arrogant sentences, informed me that, as soon as I had gotten rid of Annetta, whom he had pretended to marry for the sake of the money I offered to settle upon him, he should bring Giuletta to Lychedale. He could not disprove his marriage with her, he said, but as he was determined not to be tormented with her, she must find a home with me.

In vain I rebelled against the insolence of this demand. A month had not elapsed before the Italian was established at Lychedale, assuming already the airs of mistress of the mansion, and making the once quiet household a scene of confusion and dismay.

I had always an indolent love of peace, and would yield even cherished prejudices and earnest principles to obtain it. Even as in youth I had yielded to the will of my child, I now yielded to the fiercer will of this indomitable woman. Only one demand I refused—to give up Lychedale and retire on an annuity to some humbler home. Both pride and principle made me refuse this, and I think that only the knowledge that the bowl or dagger would soon put an end to my existence, caused me to yield at last. I would not denounce the wife of my son, wicked as she was, nor could I live in mortal fear of some sudden and awful end.

So at last Giuletta triumphed. I gave up Lychedale, and with a modest income retired to a humble home. I cannot now believe that Harry plotted his mother's death, but I know that he was not unwilling to reign master at Lychedale, even though the detested Giuletta was mistress.

Years have gone since the day of my humiliation. I live now only in memories of the past. All that I loved or for whom I suffered, are long since dead. All the splendor and luxury of my life has turned to poverty and the homeliness that invests the aged poor. I seem to walk among skeletons, and to dwell in a charnel house!

Harry, poor, deserted by the wife who had embittered his life and robbed him of his wealth, came at last to die in my arms. Evil man as he was, he was still my child, and on the breast that had pillowed his head in infancy, he breathed out his life. My husband, Annetta, Harry—all are gone. Giuletta has long since returned to her own country. Lychedale has passed into the hands of strangers. But still I live, when all life's charms have departed—live, mercifully spared to repent of the evil I have wrought, or the wrong I have fostered, of duties unfulfilled. If prayer and penitence avail aught, and in deepest humility I trust they may, I, even I, all unworthy as I am, may hope for the pardon from above, that I cannot bestow upon myself.

SONG OF THE LAUREL.

BY WILLIAM ROSS WALLACE.

I.

On the tallest mount of Eden,
When the stars together sung,
And the sons of God gave answer,
My aspiring branches sprung!
How the great Archangels watching,
Smiled to see the symbol then
Of that radiant, tense ambition
Towering in the grandest men.—

II.

Men who were to fetter Nature
To Humanity's behest—
Men whose mission was to lighten
North and South and East and West;
Lighten with the stars of science,
Seraph-art and angel-song;
Evermore for God's Right warring
On the demon-host of Wrong.

III.

Still my emerald leaves are yearning
On their never-dying boughs,
To entwine the chosen mortals
Who are bearing broadest brows—
For on Eden's tallest mountain,
When the stars together sung,
And the sons of God gave answer,
My aspiring branches sprung!

PURE IN HEART.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

"For they shall see God."

It will sometimes happen that a moral sentiment, a religious truth, or some passage from the Divine Word, is cast into the mind, as if a voice had given it utterance, and thought fixes itself thereon with a strongly questioning interest.

So it happened one day with Mrs. Florian, a church-going and ordinance-observing woman, of the strictly formal class, who regard worship as involving little beyond Sabbath services, and prayers at home. The passage—for, in this instance, it was scripture that arrested the thought—which had found a resting-place in her mind, was this utterance of our Lord, when teaching from the mount—"Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God."

Mrs. Florian had read, and repeated from memory, this verse, hundreds of times, but now it dwelt with her, suggestive of meanings that lay deeper than the obvious one she had always accepted. This promise to the pure in heart, as she understood it, was merely a promise of admission into heaven, after death, where God would be visible.

It so happened, while Mrs. Florian's mind brooded darkly over the passage, conscious of a meaning beyond her reach, that she received a friendly call from her minister.

"A verse from the Bible has been in my thought all the morning," she said, "and I can't remove it."

"You should not desire the removal of so precious a companion," replied the clergyman, with a sweetly serious smile. "God is present in his Word, and when that dwells in our thoughts, He is near with his loving guardianship. What is the verse?"

"Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God," replied Mrs. Florian.

"And what have been your thoughts, my friend? With that passage in your mind, thought has no doubt busied itself in many profitable ways."

"Two questions have arisen," said Mrs. Florian—"two questions that I have not been able satisfactorily to answer. You must not smile at my lack of perception."

"What are they?"

"In the first place, I am not clear as to the meaning of *pure in heart*. If any one had said to me, as I stepped from the church door on Sunday last, that I did not comprehend what was involved in these simple words, I think my heart would have given an indignant throb. Then, I am no clearer in regard to the promise of seeing God. What does that really mean?"

"To be pure," said the minister, is to be innocent, chaste, guileless, holy, free from guilt or defilement. This all minds accept. To be pure in heart is to have the will cleansed, for heart signifies the will, or what is affectional in our nature. We see by thought—obscurely, if the will, from which thought has birth and power, is defiled by evil; clearly as in sunlight, if the will or heart be pure. And thus, you see how the pure in heart are able to see God, for God is everywhere, and in all things and circumstances, but visible only when the sight is clear."

Mrs. Florian's face grew shadowed as the minister spoke.

"See Him while we are yet in this world?" There was questioning and doubt in Mrs. Florian's voice.

"Yes. See Him in His works and in His providences. In the sun that gives us light and heat, the soul of nature; in the seasons that fail not; in the years that complete their cycles even to a second of time; in the stars that gem the sky, and in the flowers that make earth fragrant and beautiful—in all things visible to natural sight, the work of His hands. And we see Him none the less distinctly by a more interior vision, in all His dealings with the children of men."

The shadow of perplexed thought was not removed by the minister's words, from the countenance of Mrs. Florian. She accepted the general proposition, but, in accepting it, acknowledged that she was not able to see God in either His works or His providences. Must she take the argument to its final result? Was she not, therefore, pure in heart?

"Unless," resumed the minister, who understood his parishioner, "the heart, or, in other words, our loves, be pure—that is, free from selfish defilement—the eyes of our spirits cannot discern truth, in which God is made visible to spiritual sight. There is spiritual as well as natural sight, Mrs. Florian. Our souls can see, as well as our bodies; in fact, our material eyes have no power of sight, except as the soul, which alone actually sees, gives them the ability to reflect nature, and convey, by a wonderful and mysterious adaptation of nervous fibres and fluids, images of the outer world to our inner consciousness."

"I see, but as in a glass, darkly," was the answer of Mrs. Florian.

"I know a woman whose vision is clear," said the minister. "Who sees God in all his works and in all his providences."

"Then she must be pure in heart."

"If only the pure in heart see God, we may believe that much of human defilement has been removed from her will," replied the minister. "The measure of impurity may be inferred from the measure of selfishness, for this is the source of all moral darkness."

"Who is she?" asked Mrs. Florian.

"Would you like to see her?"

"Yes."

"Her ways are not before the world. She has an humble lot."

Mrs. Florian looked inquiringly at the minister. He saw the interest fading from her eyes.

"She is one of God's poor as to outward things, but rich in interior graces. The garments she wears are not beautiful to look upon, but her spirit is clothed in angel-vesture. I think you will understand this subject which you have been pondering obscurely, yet with glimpses of light, far better after spending an hour with one who has passed through the furnace, yet brought therefrom not even the smell of fire upon her garments. Will you go with me?"

"Yes." Mrs. Florian's assent was not freely from the heart; but she did not care to let her minister see that external condition had influence over her. It would have suited her state much better if the exemplar of Christian virtue had been in higher life.

A walk of twenty minutes brought them to the door of a small dwelling, in a street not often visited by persons in Mrs. Florian's social grade. A child, ten years of age, admitted them. A smile of recognition lit up her face as she saw the minister.

"How is mother to-day?" was asked kindly, as the visitors entered.

"She's better, I think, sir."

"Will you say that I've called, with a lady, to see her."

The child went quickly from the small room into which she had shown Mrs. Florian and the minister. The lady glanced around, taking in the whole aspect of things, which indicated poverty, but not neglect. The carpet, though old and worn, was cleanly swept, and the few articles of very plain furniture were as free from dust or soil as anything in her own elegantly arrayed parlors. Two portraits were on the walls. One of a man, scarcely at the prime of life, in the dress of an officer; the other of a child. The man's face particularly attracted the attention of Mrs. Florian. It showed character, and mental strength; while about the mouth was that impression of sweetness that always indicates a warm heart.

"The child's father," remarked the minister, as he observed the attention with which the portrait was regarded by Mrs. Florian.

"Is he living?"

"No. He died three years ago in Oregon, where his company had been ordered. You see by his dress that he was officer."

"And it is his widow that we have come to visit?"

"Yes."

"You spoke of her as in very humble life."

"She is poor—very poor, ma'am; broken in health, and almost wholly dependent on the labor of her hands. After her husband's death she found herself with barely sufficient means to return from the Pacific coast with her child. On arriving in New York, another sorrow laid its hand upon her already quivering heart. With tearful longings she had looked forward to the hour when a mother's arms would again enfold her, and a mother's bosom pillow her drooping head. Alas! that mother had gone from the earth, nevermore to return. A little while she bowed herself in despair, refusing to be comforted. But only for a little while. The pure in heart see God in all his Word and works; and light soon chased away the darkness, so that her eyes could behold Him. Affliction did not separate her from humanity. What is my duty? was the question that soon arose in her mind; not duty to herself, but duty to others. A relative of her husband's in New York offered her a home; but considerations of use and duty brought her to this city, where a sister resides—a widowed sister—the owner of this small house——"

The door opened, and a pale, dark-eyed woman, with a singularly interesting face, entered. She smiled sweetly on being presented to Mrs. Florian, and received her with the easy grace of a cultivated lady. The minister called her by the name of Mrs. Fielding. For a little while Mrs. Florian was embarrassed. She was not prepared to meet a person just like the officer's widow, whose air of intelligence and refinement impressed her strongly. But minds approach, or recede, by spiritual attractions or repulsions; in this case, certain affinities drew these ladies together, and they were soon interested in each other. With that natural politeness which is spontaneous in some individuals, Mrs. Florian manifested a personal interest in Mrs. Fielding, and endeavored to lead her to speak of herself, her sorrow and her experiences. But Mrs. Fielding did not lift the veil, saying instead, that God's ways were not as our ways; and that though He led us by paths that we knew not, we might always see His footsteps on the ground, if our eyes were not blinded by unavailing tears, and be certain that He had once himself gone by the same road.

Mrs. Fielding's heart was in a good work, and she spoke of it as soon as the course of conversation gave her an opportunity.

"There are," she said, "in this single square ten young girls, from fifteen to eighteen years of age, who support themselves, or help their parents, by folding in binderies, attending in stores, or working in some kind of manufactory. Most of these girls, as I have ascertained, spend their evenings in idle visitings at each other's houses, in company with young men, or in going to places of amusement, where little is seen or heard to inspire them with right aims in life. I feel sad whenever I think of them. They are destined to become wives and mothers; but what kind of wives and mothers will they make? What hope is there for right influence in their future homes? My heart yearns towards them, as I see them going and returning daily, and comprehend the influence of wasted hours on their lives in the time to come; and I long to gather them around me in the evening, and talk and read to them until their hearts feel the awakening throbs of higher purposes."

Mrs. Fielding paused, and a faint sigh breathed from her lips.

"Have you not tried to draw them around you?" asked the minister.

"Not yet," was answered. "I have thought of it many, many times, after lying awake, for the pressure of this thing on my mind. But, I am alone and feeble-handed. I cannot buy the books with which to interest them, nor spare the time from needful labor."

And that scarcely heard sigh parted her lips again.

"May I be your helper in this work?" asked Mrs. Florian, speaking from the ardor of a suddenly inspired impulse.

"O madam!" Light flashed over Mrs. Fielding's countenance. "If you felt as I do! If you could see, as I see, the two ways that lie before these innocent girls—one leading to intelligence, right moral aims, usefulness and happiness; the other to a poor, inadequately developed life, low aims, neglect of duty, wretchedness—perhaps sin and destruction; you would indeed become a helper. But, forgive my ardor!" she added, drawing back a little, for, in the eager hopes inspired by the remark of Mrs. Florian, she had leaned towards her with entreaty in her face.

"I will be your helper." Mrs. Florian spoke in a firm voice.

"It is God's work," said the minister; "and I see his hand in this meeting of two Christian women, strangers to each other an hour ago. Put your hands to it, my sisters. Ten young girls to be lifted into a higher sphere, and their lives formed on a model that shall give them increased power for good in all their after years. May His peace, which passeth understanding be your reward, as I know that it will."

One day, a few months later, Mrs. Florian and the minister, sat talking together. Her visit to Mrs. Fielding had not been fruitless. Inspired by her Christian aims, she had become an earnest co-operator in the work proposed. Possessing the means, she selected and purchased a small collection of good books and placed them in the widow's hands. Beyond this, she obtained the co-operation of a few benevolent ladies, and established a fund from which Mrs. Fielding was paid for devoting her evenings exclusively to the work of interesting and helping the poor young girls in her neighborhood to rise into a just appreciation of their own powers, duties and destiny. There was a heavenly magnetism about Mrs. Fielding, that attracted most of these girls, when once within her sphere, and her influence over them was soon apparent. She was able to inspire them with a love of self-improvement; and to lift them so far above the plane of thought in which they had lived, as to make them comprehend their inherent power of development.

Mrs. Florian and the minister, as we have said, sat talking together a few months later. We shall only record a portion of what passed between them.

"I never saw in anything, so clear an indication of Providence," Mrs. Florian said. "It was the hand of God that led me to Mrs. Fielding. I see this clearer every day. He had work for me to do, and through her I was to find it."

"Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God," said the minister.

"She is pure in heart," answered Mrs. Florian, not seeing what was in the minister's thought.

"And another heart has grown purer, I think, for the eyes are clearer, seeing God in his providence." She understood him now, and a flash of surprise went over her face. But she did not answer. The minister added:

"I think the obscurity that once troubled you in the text, 'Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God,' no longer exists. If the heart be pure, the eyes will be clear. We must love the good, if we would see the true. Selfishness and worldliness defile the will, and blind, in consequence, the understanding. God is everywhere, and at all times, present—present in the smallest events and in the tiniest birth of nature. We may see His image in dew-drop and daisy; in the grandeur of mountains and magnificence of the firmament; in history past and present—in our own lives. We cannot open our eyes, but lo! His presence is manifest."

"There is one at least, whose vision is clear," said Mrs. Florian. "I see but dimly yet; she as by the light of sunbeams."

"Mrs. Fielding."

"Yes. She does not often speak of herself, or refer to her personal states and experiences. But, a few times I have been able to draw her out; and I shall not soon forget the clearness with which she was able to see the hand of a wise and loving providence in all the sad experience of a life smitten by no ordinary sorrows. Of her it may in truth be said: 'Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God.'"

"It *might* be said of us all."

"Before it *will* be said," answered Mrs. Florian, "we shall pass, I fear—some of us, at least—like Mrs. Fielding, by the way of tribulation. Ah, if we were wise, the pure heart and the clear vision would come through sweet, and not through bitter experiences."

THE HORSE-DEALER'S STORY.

Many years ago, before the era of railroads, and when highwaymen abounded along the great southern route from Kentucky to New Orleans, a noted Kentucky drover, who had been to the "lower country" with a large drove of horses, which he had sold for cash, was overtaken by night, on his return, near Springfield, in the county of Robertson, Tennessee. He remembered that a little distance ahead was a quiet inn he had never stopped at, and he determined to spend the night there.

As he rode up to the house, the landlord, a respectable-looking person, received his horse and led him away to the stable, while he invited the drover to enter the public sitting-room.

Here he found two young men, one of whom, from his resemblance to the landlord, he recognized as his son; the other, somewhat older, from his manners, appeared also to belong to the family. Immediately after supper, (during which the drover stated where he had been and what good luck he had met with,) the son mounted a horse, and stating that he was going to Springfield to stay all night, rode off. The Kentuckian, having looked after the comfort of his horse, soon after requested the landlord to show him to his room, which was done.

As the traveller slipped off his garments, he felt for the leathern belt about his waist, to see that it was secure. This contained his gold, while his paper money was contained in a large wallet, carried in a pocket made for the purpose, in the inside of his vest. Depositing these articles beneath his pillow, he extinguished the light, and threw himself upon the bed, when, overcome by weariness, he soon fell asleep.

How long he had been in this state of forgetfulness he could not tell, when he was aroused to wakefulness by the sound as of some person endeavoring to open the window near the head of his bed. At the same time, he heard suppressed voices without, as of several persons in whispered consultation.

Startled by this suspicious appearance of things, the drover reached toward the chair, on which he had thrown his clothes, for his weapons, when, to his dismay, he remembered that on his arrival, when preparing to wash off the dust of his journey, he had laid them aside within the bar, and had neglected to resume them.

Scarcely conscious of what he was doing, the defenceless drover slipped from the foot of the bed, and hid himself in the darkness, behind a lot of women's dresses suspended from the walls of the house, and watched the motions of a man who was now slowly and cautiously entering the room. He even fancied he could detect the reflection of the dim light upon an upraised knife, as the man approached the bed, with staggering and uncertain steps. But great was his relief, when, instead of an attempt at murder, the intruder carelessly shuffled of his clothes, and throwing himself into the bed he had just vacated was soon buried in deep slumber. The man was evidently drunk, as his loud, stertorious breathing plainly indicated.

Not knowing what to make of this strange affair, the drover determined to dress himself, call up the landlord, and have this singular intrusion explained. He had reached his clothes, and slipped on his trowsers, and was moving toward the door, when steps were heard cautiously crossing the outer room. Once more he sought the shelter of the dresses, which completely screened his person, and awaited the entrance of the persons, whoever they might be. Presently the door of the room was silently opened, and two men made their appearance. It was not so dark but that the drover could readily distinguish them to be the innkeeper and the man he had seen at the supper table.

"Step lightly, I tell you," whispered the landlord, "or you'll wake him up, and then we'll have a pretty mess on our hands!"

"Wake——!" replied the other, with an oath. "A man that snores like that, I reckon, aint easily awakened. Yer scared, old man!"

"Scared!" repeated the first speaker. "No man ever told John Garner before he was *scared!* Here—give me the knife! I'll show you who is scared! You secure the money—it's under the pillow—I saw him put it there, and I'll do the rest!"

The old man was in advance, and as he stood between the window and the drover, the latter could see his form bent over the bed, while his hand seemed to be searching beneath the pillow.

"Here, Bill—take it. Here's the wallet, and here's the belt. My God, how heavy it is!" and he passed the money to his companion, before the other had yet reached the bedside.

The old man then put his hand to his bosom, and the trembling drover saw him draw forth the long blade the other had given him. For an instant the murderous weapon was poised over his head, and then descended with a hissing sound upon the person of the poor wretch in the bed. Another and another stroke followed in rapid succession. A half stifled groan, a few gasping sobs escaped the dying man, a convulsive tremor of the bedclothes, and all was quiet.

The murderer paused in his bloody work for an instant, as if to satisfy himself that life was extinct, and then, with fiendish deliberation, drew down the coverlet, and, to make all sure, passed the knife from ear to ear across the throat of his victim. Then wiping the instrument upon the sheets, the villain moved quickly from the room.

As soon as the sound of his footsteps had died in the distance, the horror-stricken drover escaped through the window, and ran with all his speed to the neighboring village, where arousing the people of the hotel, he told his fearful story. A small crowd was soon collected about him, and when enough of the facts had been gathered, they accompanied him to the scene of the foul murder.

All about the house was still, but on approaching the stable a light was discovered within; and moving noiselessly to the door, and peering through the cracks, the two murderers were found in the act of digging a grave beneath the flooring. A rush was made upon them, and they were arrested.

At the sight of the drover, who was the first to confront the guilty wretches, the landlord uttered a shriek of terror, and fell to the ground, while his accomplice, pale as a corpse, gazed upon him with affright, not doubting it was the ghost of the murdered man who stood before him.

The party now proceeded to the house, dragging the two murderers along with them. The family was by this time alarmed, and the wife and daughter of the landlord, together with the servants of the house, ignorant of the terrible crime that had just been enacted so near them, inquired into the cause of the disturbance.

Lights were procured, and, still keeping the prisoners with them, the people entered the room where lay the body of the man so strangely murdered instead of the horse-dealer. The wife and daughter followed.

When the bloody covering was removed from the face of the corpse, and the full light of the candles flared upon it, a wild cry burst from the lips of the landlord's wife.

"*My son! my murdered son! Who has done this!*"

And with a hysterical scream, she fell insensible to the floor.

"No! no! it can't be so mother," exclaimed the daughter, as she struggled to reach the bed. But the terrible truth burst upon her, as her eyes fell upon the mangled form of her brother, and she also swooned upon the body.

The cries of the broken-hearted females seemed to arouse the old man for a moment, and gazing wildly at the sight before him, he also realized the terrible truth—he had murdered his own son.

On investigating the facts before the magistrate of Springfield on the following day, it was ascertained that the son of the innkeeper, who was a dissipated young man, had visited the town on the previous evening, where with some of his associates, he had been engaged in drinking and gambling till a late hour; and being too much intoxicated to remount his horse, and ashamed to meet his family, some of his fellow gamblers had accompanied him home; and supposing the room in which the drover had been put to be vacant, they had assisted the drunken man into the window. It was their voices the lodger had heard; and thus it was that the hapless youth met his death—and our friend providentially escaped.

The accomplice of the landlord proved to be his own son-in-law.

From that awful hour the wretched mother of that murdered boy, murdered by his father's hand, remained a raving maniac.

It is only necessary to add, in concluding this tale of horror, that the drover recovered his money; and Justice, claiming her due, the two murderers paid the penalty of their crime upon the gallows. Shortly after this last event the people of Springfield, to whom the scene of the unnatural murder had become an eyesore, assembled and leveled the buildings to the ground. The spot is now covered with brambles and thistles, and pointed out to the stranger as a place to be avoided; for the ignorant assert that it is haunted by the ghost of the murdered son.

AN IRISH FEMALE TENANT.

"I'll trouble you for my month's rent, madam," said a landlord, last Monday, to one of his tenants. "Is it yer rint ye ax for now?" "Yes, mam, two rooms at seventy-five cents per week, each." "Ah, now, can't ye wait a little time? Sure the likes of ye must have plenty of money," replied the woman, looking at the thin, bent form of the landlord with great contempt. "But my dear woman, the money is due, and—" "Oh, murther, is it dearing me, ye are; an honest, married woman, and blessed mother of siven boys, each big enough to lick the life out of ye. Out of my house, ye munster;" and unable to give vent to her indignation in words, she seized his coat collar and fairly threw him into the street. The owner intends to let an agent collect the rent of that house in future.

* * *

THE USE OF THINKING.—Galileo, when under twenty years of age was standing one day in the metropolitan church of Pisa, when he observed a lamp which was suspended from the ceiling, and which had been disturbed by accident, swinging backwards and forwards. This was a thing so common, that thousands no doubt had observed it before; but Galileo, struck by the regularity with which it moved backwards and forwards, reflected on it, and perfected the method now in use, of measuring time by means of a pendulum.

* * *

SEARCH AFTER HAPPINESS.—If you cannot be happy in one way, be happy in another; and this facility of disposition wants but little aid from philosophy, for health and good humor are almost the whole affair. Many run about after felicity, like an absent man looking for his hat while it is on his head or in his hand.

WIT AND WISDOM.

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED—PREPARED EXPRESSLY FOR THE LEDGER BY GEO. D. PRENTICE.

THE best way to teach a man how much his feet are worth to him, is to cut off his hands. Make a man dumb, and his face will begin to talk eloquently for him, and do tongue's work. Deprive him of the divine gift of hearing, and his eyes at once take lessons in listening. What a gifted creature would he be who should have the ears of the blind, the eyes of the deaf, and the face and fingers of the dumb.

THOSE Alps we see in the West, the evening clouds were *made* to-day; made of such trifles as the breaths of singing birds and singing flowers, the melted jewelry of the morning dews, the silver night-dress of the rivers, and the voice of prayer. It is the heaped-up utterance of yesterday. Dim, blue, beautiful, it is an enchanted mountain, though men have named it "cloud."

A SATIRE on everything is a satire on nothing; it is mere absurdity. All contempt, all disrespect, implies something respected, as a standard to which it is referred, just as every valley implies a hill.

IF men who are candidates for office take the stump in support of their own pretensions, maids and widows who are candidates for matrimony should be allowed the same privilege.

STUPID people may eat, but shouldn't talk. Their mouths will do well enough as banks of deposit, but not of issue.

THE partizan newspapers are getting more and more begrimed with dirt every day. Probably that's what they call gaining ground.

IT is said that doctors can mitigate the pain of sickness; certainly a good many of them make dying a very easy thing.

"I THINK I have seen you before, sir; are you not Owen Smith?" "Oh, yes, I'm owin' Smith, and owin' Jones, and owin' Brown, and owin' everybody."

To most men experience is like the stern-lights of a ship, which illumine only the track it has passed.

NATURE is not always understood; she is sometimes making poetry when we think she is only making weeds.

No man is happy without a delusion of some kind. Delusions are as necessary to our happiness as realities.

WHAT the world needs for its regeneration is not so much a startling revelation of new truths as a newer combination and better appreciation of old ones.

AN American poet talks of the music of a low wind. The wind is often low, and very few of the poets can raise it.

A PURE character is like polished steel; if dimmed by breath, it almost instantly recovers its brightness.

THERE are "fishers of men," and they often take very scaly game.

"HUSBAND, I can't express my detestation of your conduct." "Well, dear, I'm very glad you can't."

YOUTH and the lark have their songs for the morning; age and the nightingale theirs for the evening.

LOVE should be disinterested and uncalculating. That love which hath ends will have an end.

PEOPLE seldom improve when they have no better model than themselves to copy after.

IF the mistress would scold less, she would generally have less need of scolding.

THE winking of lovers has been defined as an affection of the eye.

IT is the grace and glory of a man to be the bondman of his word.

BY a pair of bright eyes twinkling beneath a pretty hood, even a smart fellow may be hoodwinked.

YOU have a right to unhorse your enemy if you can, but not by stealing his horse.

A STORE filled with merchandise that won't sell is the most unprofitable of *drug*-stores.

A FOOL or knave in authority is like a dislocated limb—out of place.

MANY a poor author sets a luxurious table for his readers, who daily rises hungry from his own.

THE editor of the —— talks about his frame of mind. He may have the frame of one, but that's all.

CURRENT ITEMS.

A FRENCH CANADIAN, living about forty miles from Quebec, having become deeply offended with a neighbor, and being of a malignant disposition, attempted to avenge himself one night by murdering the offender and his family; but the wife of the latter, being a stout and courageous woman, happening to be the first person he attacked, overcame the assassin, wrested his knife from him, and kept him lying on his back till her husband bound him securely, and he was then handed over to the authorities.

A STRONG-MINDED woman from Australia held a valuable house in San Francisco without paying rent, and defied the landlord to collect his dues; and when an officer went to dispossess her, she barricaded room after room, and fired at the officer whenever she could get an opportunity; but he at last arrested her, and she was consigned to a tenement where she could live rent free for sixty days.

A COMPANY of hunters, numbering ten "dead shots," was attacked, a short time ago, in northwestern Texas, by a large band of Indians; but getting a good shelter in a grove of oaks, the whites shot down the savages as fast as they came within range, and the latter finally drew off, after losing thirty-two of their number, and the hunters congratulated themselves on having had "a great day's sport."

A POOR man, (a farmer,) living in northwestern Alabama, had a tame bear, which he kept as a pet, and which was supposed to be harmless; but one day the farmer's daughter, a girl about thirteen years old, was carrying a piece of fresh beef to the house, and passing near the bear, he attacked her, and bit her so severely before assistance could be rendered, that her life was despaired of.

DURING a cold and stormy night, a short time since, a man was frozen to death, in the interior of this State, within sight of his own door. A neighbor who was with him did his best to get him along, but the poor man gave out utterly, and the neighbor barely succeeded in reaching his own doorstep, on which he fell insensible, but being taken in by his family, his life was saved.

A COUPLE of miners near Washoe, having got into a dispute about their respective claims, agreed to settle the matter by an appeal to bowie-knives, and set at work to carve each other up. They fought over two hours, when both fainted from loss of blood; and one died the same afternoon and the other the next morning.

ONE day recently a little boy living in Saratoga, went to a kettle of boiling water to quench his thirst, and swallowing a mouthful of the water, he uttered a piercing shriek, and in a few hours died in great agony.

THIRTY convicts attempted to escape from the jail at San Quentin, Cal., a short time since, but the guard opened fire upon them, and after killing six, and wounding three more, the survivors returned to their cells.

A NUMBER of boys were skating a short time since on a pond in the western part of this State, and recklessly attempting to pass over a very thin place in the ice, they broke through, and two of them were drowned.

AN indignant and high-spirited young lady recently cowhided the mayor of a Pennsylvania city, for exhibiting promiscuously an anonymous letter reflecting on her character.

A SAVAGE dog, belonging to a gentleman in Baltimore, a short time since attacked his owner's son, in the evening, and terribly mangled him; one of the poor boy's feet was bitten entirely in two.

A LADY who was sometime since bitten by a dog, at Bloomingdale, N. J., was lately attacked by hydrophobia, and died after enduring unspeakable agony for several days.

A BUTCHER in Brooklyn, while recently dressing a sheep, cut his hand severely, and the next day it became so painful, and swelled to such a size, that in his alarm and agony he had it amputated at the wrist.

SEVERAL sailors got into a row, a few nights since, in a low dance house in Cherry street, and knives being drawn, three of the combatants were dangerously wounded, one having his left eye cut out.

RECENT news from the "whale squadron" in the Pacific indicates that leviathan has become so "up to the tricks" of man, that he is no longer to be caught except at rare intervals and with great difficulty.

THE NEW YORK LEDGER

ROBERT BONNER, Editor and Proprietor.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MARCH 16, 1861.

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IMPROVEMENT IN MORALS—A CONTRAST.

People who compare human life as it is, with human life as it might be, are likely to survey the scene with extreme dissatisfaction. Not so those who compare life as it is, with what it once was. The more minute and complete a man's knowledge of history is, the clearer does it become to him that, upon the whole, the race to which we belong is better and happier now than it ever was before.

We find people talking about political corruption, as though it were a new thing. The historian, on the contrary, can point to no period and no country, in which politics were not corrupt; nor can he mention any period the politicians of which had less power to do harm than now. We lament the prevalence of vice; but the time was, and within a hundred years, too, when vice was fashionable and popular, not execrated. Of Charles James Fox, one of the ablest men in England seventy years ago, it was truly remarked, that he affected nothing but vice, and that he had the ambition to surpass all men in that particular, as well as in others. He lost seven hundred thousand dollars in gambling before he was twenty-one years old, and lived in open and notorious vice. But this did not affect his standing in society in the least. It did not prevent his being the first man in the House of Commons, nor bar his entrance into the cabinet, nor lose him the regard of the most virtuous of his contemporaries. The progress of decency, too, has been most remarkable. Eighty years ago, passages were printed in popular books and respectable newspapers, nay, read aloud in respectable families, the publication of which would now subject the publisher to prosecution. We are not sure that poor Richard's Almanac would now be permitted to be sold, so incredibly indecent are some of its articles. But it was a household book a hundred years ago. So with regard to intemperance. That vice is still one of the greatest obstacles to human welfare, but we can at least say that it is no longer a reputable, still less a fashionable, thing to drink to excess. Only a few years ago, it was *expected* of a gentleman that he should occasionally get drunk. At the present day, deep drinking is absolutely unknown in decent society, and even moderate drinking is not common. Probably more than half of the best houses in the United States know not the smell of an intoxicating liquor from one year's end to another. We might continue the enumeration, and show that in every respect man is better, and better off, than ever he was.

The proofs of this truth are not given as fully as they should be in formal histories, for an historian is apt to fall in love with the age of which he writes, and to touch its faults with a too gentle hand. Read the memoirs, biographies, letters, newspapers, almanacs and popular books, of the last century, if you would appreciate properly the much calumniated Nineteenth.

QUEEN THAW VS. KING FROST.

The grand collision between Winter and Spring is a glorious spectacle. That weeping Amazon, Queen Thaw, makes brief work with fierce King Frost, despite his hardened obduracy. She breaks to pieces his crystal palaces and sends his crown jewels to the melting pot of the sea. How the great diamonds and sapphires and emeralds, chafe and grind and roll, as they are tossed on the mighty rivers, swoln with the soft, warm tears of Queen Thaw. There is irresistible power in those tepid and luminous drops—a strength greater than that of steam-driven trip-hammers. Her breath hath magic in it. It passes into the indurated earth, impenetrable to spade or ploughshare, and the soil becomes plastic as *terra cotta* in the modeller's hands. She mantles with her annealing fogs the white crests of the mountains, and when the wind blows away the vapor, every peak is lustreless and bare! With a touch she emancipates the brooks, and they rush foaming through glen and woodland, jangling their broken fetters as they run. By the winter-silenced cataract she passes in her chariot of haze and sunshine, touches its sealed sluices, gives it voice and motion, and perchance leaves a fragment of a sunbow on its quivering spray. The birds hear her pattering footfalls in the meadow thickets, and know that pairing time has come, and the squirrel, the wood-chuck and the field mouse grow prodigal amid the remains of their winter store, for they feel that spring is at hand. Even the stupid earth worm and the blind mole tunnel their way upward from below the frost line, to welcome Queen Thaw!

All that Winter has perfected in three months, she demolishes in a week—and so quietly! With a strength sheathed in softness and beauty she tears to pieces and annihilates the adamantine empire of King Frost.

CHILDREN'S RIGHTS.

Why should not a child's fancy in the way of food—we refer to their intense dislike of certain things—be regarded, as well as the repugnance of an adult. We consider it a great piece of cruelty to force a child to eat things that are repulsive to it, because somebody once wrote a wise saw to the effect, "that children should eat whatever is set before them." We have often seen the poor little victims shudder and choke at sight of a bit of fat meat, or a little scum of cream on boiled milk; toothsome enough to those who like them, but in *their* case a purgatorial infliction. Whenever there is this decided antipathy, nature should be respected, *even in the person of the smallest child*; and he who would act otherwise is himself *smaller* than the child over whom he would so unjustifiably tyrannize.

JAPANESE PHILOSOPHY.

We are getting to know a good deal of the mysterious empire of Japan. In Paris has appeared a translation of a Japanese Manual of Philosophy, a little book that is used in all the schools of that country, and is made as familiar to Japanese youth as the Catechism is to the boys and girls of this country. It is, in fact, a kind of Japanese Whole Duty of Man. The following sentences may serve as specimens:

Heaven and Earth are the father and mother of all things. Man is the most honorable creature; he is more particularly the son of Heaven and Earth. Therefore he ought always to worship Heaven and Earth, and acknowledge by all means the infinite blessings of Heaven and Earth.

A child without filial piety will never prosper; much less man, the son of Heaven and Earth, if he does not obey them.

In order to arrive at perfection, we should devote ourselves altogether to our business; like the cat watching the mouse, or the hen hatching her eggs.

True knowledge is that which is acquired in order to govern ourselves, not in order to be known by the world.

Every evening we examine the faults of the day in order to correct them to-morrow; every day our work progresses; in a month there will be the work of thirty days; every year will have 360 complete days; in this manner we advance in virtue, knowledge, and we have delights not to be described.

Of all precious things, none is more precious for men than time.

Do not rest even while taking breath. After death we shall rest.

Those who had an opportunity of associating with the Japanese that lately visited this country, will not be surprised at the contents of this work. The ambassadors appeared to be always serene and good-humored, always polite and genial to one another and to strangers, always busy, but never in haste or flurried. In the most novel and embarrassing circumstances, they never lost their self-possession, maintaining their dignity as well in the East Room of the White House as on the balcony of the hotel when some "outside barbarian" thrust a fireman's hat upon one of their heads. No doubt, the inculcations of their Manual have much to do in forming so excellent a temper. During some of the scenes that transpired last summer, the question often occurred to quiet onlookers, *Which* are the barbarians?

Upon the return of the embassy to their native land, they are said to have given another proof of their good sense. It soon became evident that they knew enough of political economy to know that the nearer the producer and the consumer live together the better for both. They have not the slightest idea, it is said, of sending to the United States for their sewing machines, pianos, pistols and other articles of which they took specimens with them. They think that they can do better than that. They mean to make them themselves, and it is believed that they are able to make them. If this be so, we have had the pleasure of spending two millions in pure benevolence, while we thought we were merely doing a good stroke of business. The besetting sin of philanthropists, is said to be vanity. In this transaction we have had the advantage of doing a great deal of good to a foreign nation, without incurring the slightest risk of being puffed up by it.

ABOUT EGGS.

All the world and his cosmopolitan wife and family like new laid eggs. Nor do we deprecate their taste; on the contrary, we share it. The relish of eggs is honorable, and to prefer them fresh evinces a due appreciation of the "fitness of things." Tradition runneth not back to the time when eggs, in this condition, were of evil repute, although the use of the stale variety as a missile has never been popular with the recipients. Probably the antediluvians were fond of eggs, for we are given to understand that they feasted high, and what would a banquet be without "the fruit of the hen?" The Patriarch of the Deluge, and his wife, sons, and daughters-in-law, doubtless had omelettes for their breakfast occasionally during their providential cruise. There was a good supply of poultry on board, and it is reasonable to suppose that they laid, as the Latin pun hath it, *ova* and *ova* again.

That the Egyptians were fond of eggs is beyond peradventure, for one of our archæologists brought home with him from Egypt some dozens, which had been at least three thousand years in the catacombs, having been placed there for the accommodation of the mummies, in case they should wake up and feel peckish. These eggs, cackled over by the hens that flourished in the time of the early Pharaohs—laid, probably, before the children of Israel returned from their exodus by way of the Red Sea—we have seen, and many of them are as perfect externally as if they had been bought in market yesterday; but although Egyptian wheat of the same date is said to have germinated and reproduced itself, we are not aware that any of the eggs of that ilk have been set upon and hatched.

To leave the ancient heathens and be practical—this is the season when well disposed hens are expected to commence their oviperous operations. Our country friends are either expecting or already receiving these delightful tributes of affection from their feathered dependents. Perhaps we may be able to put them in the way of "hurrying up" the dilatory Dame Partlets. Hens cannot lay unless they can have access to material wherewith to manufacture the white shells in which the golden globes and the albumen in which they are suspended, are enclosed. That material is carbonate of lime. A certain quantity of chalk or lime should therefore be scattered with their food, or old egg shells will do. Professor Gregory, of Aberdeen, in a letter addressed to a friend, and published in an English newspaper, says: "As I suppose you keep poultry, I may tell you that it has been ascertained that if you mix with their food a sufficient quantity of chopped egg-shells or chalk, which they eat greedily, they will lay, other things being equal, *twice* or *thrice* as many eggs as before."

THE STREETS OF LONDON.

John B. Gough, the Temperance orator, has chosen the "Streets of London," as the theme of a lecture, which is generally commended by the press. We, however, demur to the following passage from his lecture, which we quote from the Daily Tribune:

> Mr. Gough said in walking through some of the streets of New York he thought he might skip that part of his lecture which referred to the poor of London, for if anybody wanted to see *poverty and degradation five times worse than it could be found in any other city in the world, let him go through some portions of the Fourth Ward.*

Now some portions of the Fourth and other wards in the lower part of the city, unquestionably exhibit some loathsome and melancholy scenes of poverty and degradation, but to say that they are five times worse, or one-fifth as numerous, as the spectacles of the same character in St. Giles's, Seven Dials, various parts of Whitechapel, and fifty other localities in the city of London, is "piling on the agony" a little too thick. Mr. Gough ought to know that the passage quoted above is not warranted by the facts, in short, that it is a gross exaggeration, totally at variance with the statistics of pauperism in the British Metropolis.

WHAT CONSTITUTES A HANDSOME MAN.

Well—in the first place, there must be enough of him; or, failing in that, but, come to think of it, he *mustn't* fail in that, because there can be no beauty without health, or at least, according to my way of thinking. In the second place, he must have a beard; whiskers—as the gods please, but a beard I insist upon, else one might as well look at a girl. Let his voice have a dash of Niagara, with the music of a baby's laugh in it. Let his smile be like the breaking forth of the sunshine on a spring morning. As to his figure, it should be strong enough to contend with a man, and slight enough to tremble in the presence of the woman he loves. Of course, if he is a well made man, it follows that he must be graceful, on the principle that perfect machinery always moves harmoniously, therefore you and himself and the milk pitcher, are safe elbow neighbors at the tea-table. *This* style of handsome man would no more think of carrying a cane, than he would use a parasol to keep the sun out of his eyes. He can wear gloves, or warm his hands in his breast pockets, as he pleases. He can even commit the suicidal-beauty-act of turning his outside coat-collar up over his ears of a stormy day, with perfect impunity;—*the tailor didn't make him*, and as to his hatter, if he depended on this handsome man's patronage of the "latest spring style," I fear he would die of hope deferred; and yet—by Apollo! what a bow he makes, and what an expressive adieu he can wave with his hand! For all this he is not conceited—for he hath *brains*.

But your conventional "handsome man," of the barber's-window-wax-figure-head-pattern; with a pet lock in the middle of his forehead, an apple-sized head, and a raspberry moustache with six hairs in it; a pink spot on its cheek, and a little dot of a "goatee" on its cunning little chin; with pretty blinking little studs in its shirt-bosom, and a neck-tie that looks as if he would faint were it tumbled, I'd as lief look at a poodle. I always feel a desire to nip it up with a pair of sugar-tongs, drop it gently into a bowl of cream, and strew pink rose-leaves over its little remains.

Finally, my readers, when *soul* magnetises *soul*, the question of beauty is a dead letter. *Whom one loves is always handsome*; the world's arbitrary rules notwithstanding; therefore when you say "what *can* the handsome Mr. Smith see to admire in that stick of a Miss Jones?" or "what *can* the pretty Miss T. see to like in that homely Mr. Johns?" you simply talk nonsense—as you generally do, on such subjects. Still the parson gets his fees, and the census goes on all the same.

Fanny Fern.

BEFORE AND AFTER MARRIAGE.

Gaines, *Feb. 26th*, 1861.

Mr. Editor:—I am a subscriber to your paper, and in reading the piece "Before and After Marriage," felt that a response would come up deep from the hearts of many, very many, of your readers. Yes, and wives of *very respectable gentlemen*, when *abroad*, but whose masks are thrown off the moment they enter the door of *their* home, but in many instances their wives' *prison*. "*Before and after marriage*." Yes, how conciliating, how pleasant, how entertaining before marriage! How exacting, how petulant, how selfish many husbands become *after* marriage. How suddenly the wife dwindles down into insignificance; how incompetent she has become to select articles necessary to the carrying on of the household. Does she want a few shillings, how quick do you hear, "What are you going to get?" and a strict account must be rendered to the last penny. Now a man has no business to marry any woman upon whose judgment he cannot depend. Women are not apt to buy unnecessary articles, therefore I say, "Husbands, trust your wives; if they fail in judgment, they repent it as heartily as you *can*."

I have felt my indignation rise far above high water mark, when reading so much gratuitous advice (given, I have not a doubt, by men who are *tyrants* at home) to wives, to speak gently and smile sweetly, and on no account speak disrespectfully to those who arrogantly *assume* to be their lords and masters. It would all be *very good* advice, were it not all on *one side*, like a jug handle. No matter what their provocation, *wives* must be patiently *submissive*, or said masters will turn to the grog-shop, flirt with their female acquaintances, withdraw their affections, (if any exist,) and in all ways crush the poor victims of their *power* as relentlessly as would the wheels of Juggernaut the body of *its* victims. But who ever reads, "Husband, be patient, kind and gentle to her who has shown her wondrous confidence and love for you, in forsaking home and kindred, and thrown herself entirely upon the hope of receiving it all back tenfold in *your love*, but if your tender mercies fail her, how utterly miserable you make the life you *can bless* beyond measure, if you *will*. Let the *light* of your smiles *beam* upon her, *refresh* her with the *dew of affection*, for she has pains and trials, the nature of, and spirit-depressing effects of which, *man*, with his strong, physical organization, can *never* know."

Let men act the part they were *intended* to *act*, when created, and there will be no lack of sunshine or connubial felicity in our homes. This is a rambling sort of a letter, but conciseness is not my forte, and I have not said my say half out, for fear of wearying all concerned.

Yours, &c., W—— W——.

Law and Collection Office of Thomas James Finnie,
Office south side Court Square.
Memphis, Tenn., *Feb.* 7, 1861.

To the Editor of the Ledger:—You were in error in telling an only son that he can do nothing to prevent an habitually drunken father and husband from squandering his property. Let the wife and son petition the court having cognizance of the matter, to appoint a commission of lunacy. The commissioners will then meet and examine the party, the wife and son testifying to the facts, besides other witnesses who know them, and the commission will bring in a verdict of lunacy, and declare him incapable of taking care of himself and his property, &c., when the court will appoint a guardian, or if the case is one of violence, have the man sent to a lunatic asylum. Common drunkenness and wastefulness is a species of insanity of which the law will take cognizance on application to a chancellor. Yours, truly,

Thomas James Finnie.

Our Tennessee correspondent is right, from his point of view. Our answer was made, however, or it was at least intended to be made, upon a certain state of facts, and not upon general principles, and it was a correct reply *to the question based on the case stated*. We are much obliged to Counsellor Finnie, however, for calling attention to the general legal rules and principles which apply to cases of habitual drunkenness and wastefulness, as the suggestion may be of great value to families suffering from those causes.

Salisbury, Vt., *Feb.* 15, 1861.

Mr. Bonner—*Dear Sir*:—I saw in the Ledger, a while ago, a notice of the great-grandfather of pickerel caught in Connecticut, weighing nearly nineteen pounds. To-day I send you one caught by Mr. M. S. Deming, in our little Lake Dunmore, which weighs nineteen and one half pounds, which I hope you will accept.

Respectfully yours, W. A. Waterhouse.

P. S. I shall send it by express. W. A. W.

The pickerel has safely arrived, and is certainly the finest we have ever seen. Our friends will please accept our thanks for their handsome gift.

The Harlow Estate: *Its Heirs—Real and Pretended.*—This is the title of a very interesting and powerfully written story, from the pen of P. Hamilton Myers, Esq., which will be found on our fifth page. It is one of the finest stories we have ever published.

CURE FOR RATTLESNAKE BITES.

Aurora, Kane Co., Ill., Feb. 9, 1861.

Mr. Bonner:—I was much interested lately by reading an article on Rattlesnakes, by Emerson Bennett, in the last Ledger, and much more so than I would be otherwise, as I had just read an article on an *antidote* for the poison of rattlesnakes' bite, which has but lately been investigated, and which proves effectual in completely antidoting the poison of that deadly serpent. It is that lately famous drug, *Iodine*, which has been successfully used in the treatment of *spina bifida*. It is held as a sure remedy in cases where any *animal* poison has been introduced into, or generated in, the system. I have myself had numerous chances to try its virtue as an antidote for animal poisons.

The following experiments, made by a physician of Illinois, will give some idea as to its powers as an antidote to the virus of the rattlesnake. I have not tried the experiments myself, as the article has just been published, and I cannot obtain the snake till the warm season sets in; yet I feel safe in recommending it to any who may be so unfortunate as to be bitten by the reptile; and, farther, I should advise all to remember it if they reside in a locality where rattlesnakes abound—and the more so, as very few physicians have yet learned its value, though the *reading* portion of them soon will. The experiments I give in the author's words. They are as follows:—

"Having procured a fine specimen of the massassauga, or black rattlesnake, I carefully dissected out the poison sack at the roots of the fangs.

"1st. With a needle dipped in the poison, I pricked the ear of a kitten about two months old. The animal immediately gave evidence of great pain, the head swelled, and in two hours she died.

"2nd. A drop of the poison was mixed, on a piece of glass, with a drop of tincture of iodine U. S. P., (which means, as prepared by the United States Pharmacopœia.) With this another kitten was pricked twice through the ear. She gave no evidence of pain except scratching her ear for a minute or two. In half an hour she was again pricked in the ear with the clear poison. Almost instantly she cried out with pain. I then scraped the surface of the wounded ear, and poured on the iodine. The pain seemed to last but a short time; the ear swelled slightly, but in two hours the cat was well, except that she had a sore ear.

"3rd. Another cat was wounded in the foot with a knife armed with the poison, and left for fifteen minutes. At the expiration of that time she was in agony. The iodine was poured on the foot and leg, but she died in an hour and a half.

"4th. A kitten was wounded on the inside of the thigh with a poisoned knife, and instantly the iodine was poured on. She gave no evidence of poisoning, though she was lame for two days.

"5th. With a fine syringe I injected one drop of the virus which had been mixed with two drops of iodine under the skin of the leg of another cat. She was soon in great pain, and the limb became swelled. I scarified the limb and poured on iodine; though she suffered for some hours, she recovered."

The same author gives similar results with experiments with venom of the spider. It must be conclusive to all who investigate the subject that *Iodine* is an antidote to animal poison. And is it not advisable to give its powers to people who are exposed to such poisons? for the sooner it is used after the poison has been introduced into the system, the more effectual it will prove as an antidote, as it will be more readily mixed with the poison. Then I would advise all who are exposed to the bite of venomous reptiles to keep iodine within reach. The tincture is made by dissolving the iodine in alcohol, and is the form in which it is used; but it is not kept easily in this form.

If bit by a serpent, scarify (cut small slits through the skin) around the wound and along the course the blood would take from the wound toward the heart, and then wash or cover with the tincture of iodine. If the fangs of the serpent enter a vein, an injection with a small syringe may be made in the vein.

Yours truly, E. Nichols.

A PALPABLE HIT.

Mauston, Juneau Co., Wis., Feb. 18th, 1861.

R. Bonner, Esq.—*Dear Sir*:—Will you favor a subscriber to your world-wide circulating medium (the Ledger) by publishing the following letter, in answer to one received by me on Saturday last, and oblige,

Truly yours, &c., G. McCafferty.

Messrs. Jenny & Co., Agents for Delaware Lotteries.—*Gentlemen*:—Your favor 14th inst. came duly to hand. In reply, I would say, nothing could have been more apropos. You say, "and believing that the surest and quickest way to do so, will be to *first* send a handsome prize to some one there, we offer you the refusal," etc. You are, sirs, quite right in the premises—there can certainly be no *surer way* than the one you propose; therefore, please forward same without delay, for I am greatly needing it, in order to make the first payment on a town site that I was induced to purchase in consequence of your liberal offer. You may, if it suits you, deduct the price of the tickets together with the 15 per cent. from the prize. You need not send the second package of tickets "*for nothing*" as you propose, because I shall be content with *one* prize; for it will set me on my feet, and make me a *rich man*.

To be sure I will—when you *send* me the money, I will tell it all over—from Dan to Beersheba. If I only *get* the money, if I don't wake the natives, you may shoot me. I have grown (in my own estimation) hugely since I received yours, and am vastly more popular. It is very evident. I hasten to avail myself of your *brilliant offer*. I cannot keep *the letter* sent me *strictly private*, for it's too good to keep as long as you wish me to, to wit, "until after you get the prize money."

I will take a draft on the Mauston Sand Bank, that being the nearest bank to my place of residence. I have no conscientious scruples to overcome, when there is money to be had.

Respectfully yours, &c., G. McCafferty.

A WOMAN'S PARADISE.

A roving adventurer, who has hunted the elephant, the rhinoceros, the lion, tiger and boa, through the jungles of Asia, and the wild swamps and broad plains and boundless forests of Africa, writes home that he has found a people in the latter country, on the Upper Zimbezi, that astonish him more than any other tribes that he has ever met with. They are intelligent and hospitable, *and are almost entirely governed by their women*. Some of the tribes have female chiefs, and say that has been their custom from time immemorial. But even where the supreme ruler is a man, the *governing influence* comes from the women. If you ask a man for anything, or about anything, he replies that *he will see what his wife says about it*; and as the wife says so must it be. Women vote on all political questions. The religious and judicial oaths also recognize the supremacy of woman, as everybody swears "by my mother." When a man marries, he takes up his abode with his wife's people, and has to contribute handsomely towards the support of his mother-in-law, and to assume a highly respectful attitude—a sort of kneeling posture—in her presence. The girls of a family inherit the paternal property, and the sons have not only to earn their own living, but are also responsible for the support of their unmarried sisters. On the whole, the Upper Zimbezi country is a sort of woman's paradise, and the very best region in the world for strong-minded women and mothers-in-law to emigrate to.

THOUGHTS AS THEY OCCUR.—No. 84.

BY ONE WHO KEEPS HIS EYES AND EARS OPEN.

WHISPERING.

In making out a catalogue of crimes and vices, who would ever think of including Whispering? But in Sacred Scripture it stands eminent among mischiefs, deemed worthy of a disgraceful priority. It is a sign of malignity. "All they that hate me, *whisper* against me." Ps. 41, 7. "*A whisperer separateth chief friends.*" Yes, more effectually than open assault. The imagination is the most glorious and dangerous of faculties. By it love is kindled, and rising airily, soars through all realms of peace and delight. But by the same power may be evoked dark suspicions, cruel surmises and unsettling doubts. A downright blow dealt at our friend only moves us toward him for his defence. But a *whisper*—the sidelong thrust of a suspicion, subtle, witching, provoking, that you cannot grasp and cannot reject; that hovers with a nameless pain or dread about the object of your friendship—who can speak the cruelty, the wickedness of such a weapon? It is not the definite and presentable charges that separate friends. These can be tried, explored, settled. But the whispering intimations poison the soul without a chance for an antidote.

"*Where there is no whisperer strife ceaseth.*" (Prov. 26: 20.) If men are open, frank, honest, there may be short quarrels, but no wrangling strifes. If one has cause of offence against any, let him go *to* him, and speak it out plainly, and that will end it. But if, instead, he goes to a confidential friend, and whispers it in his ear, and he whispers it to another, and they all whisper it together, of course a snarl is soon made in the threads that unite the friends. But how often is it, that when some single person of a neighborhood, of some circle of acquaintances, is called away, that no one at first knows how great peace comes in. A week passes, and no one is troubled; a month, and no vexation; and month after month, and no stinging quarrels. At length, it is perceived by the peace that comes with the absence, what was the malign mischief of the subtle whisperer.

We are not surprised, therefore, that the Apostle Paul, who was of a noble nature, and disdained all covert and mean ways, put *whispering* into the pillory with other high misdemeanors, as (II. Cor. 12: 20) "debates, envyings, wraths, strifes, backbitings, whisperings, swellings, tumults." And in another letter he ranks it with yet more dreadful qualities, "full of envy, murder, debate, deceit, malignity; whisperers, backbiters, haters of God, despiteful, proud," &c., with many other equally unlovely traits and deeds.

Whispering is a coward's weapon; it is a safe method of assassination; it is a way of killing a friend or foe, without taking risk or responsibility. It is like the fabulous air gun that carries a deadly bullet without report or noise. Whisperers are the worst kinds of poisoners. They poison, not the body, but the soul and heart. They scatter their words like impalpable dust of deadly poison, and all who inhale it are filled with its mischief and malignancy.

Give me an open-faced enemy! I can honor him. His most wounding blows are not so provoking as the sly stabs of mean natures. You may parry the stroke of an honorable antagonist, or interpose some shield. But who can defend himself against a *look*, a wink, a shrug, a stealthy smile, a soft word, a whisper? They elude you. They dance like motes in the air, or fill it with invisible influence. The husband finds himself suspected of his wife—the wife abhors the dark suspicion that seems to overshadow her soul, as if an evil spirit was above her, and cast down a malign shadow. The brother and sister find sweet confidence melting away, nor know exactly why, or how, it fails. Confiding friends, and years-long companions, fall from mutual faith, grow watchful, interpret with suspiciousness. And Love, through all its life and members, feels the beat of this subtle poison, with strange pains and immedicable languors. God bless honest souls! God confound nimble-tongued whisperers!

Musquitoes are not as bad as scorpions. Nevertheless, they are a vexation and a torment. And so there is a kind of whisperer, and whispering, by no means to be ranked with those which we have so roundly set down above, and which are yet vexatious and provoking.

Chance whispering is one of these minor nuisances. Often it is mere thoughtlessness. But, *not thinking* is a sin, in all cases where the happpiness of other people demand that you *should* think. It is not unnatural that young people should love to chatter and whisper. But, when all about you are disturbed, and many positively shocked, only the most forgetful, or the most ill-bred can allow themselves to indulge in such a practice. There is no place where *good-breeding* is put to the test more than in Church. Many persons who are polite in the street and courteous at home, are grossly delinquent in both respects at Church. They are selfish, indifferent of other's comfort, rudely seeking their own momentary pleasure at the expense of others. If a gentleman were to treat a stranger who comes to his house-door, as he does those who come to his pew-door, he would be considered an ill-bred and under-bred man. Many people reserve for the house of God all their selfishness, their inhospitality, and their rudeness!

Next *are Concert Whisperers*: After attending the Philharmonic Concerts of New York for ten years, we made up our minds that there could scarcely be found as many polite people in New York as there were righteous people in Sodom. The music seemed to be designed only as a cover behind which young and frivolous people could *whisper*. When the instruments rose up into great volumes of sound, of course whispering was drowned; but, when the flow of sound subsided, and the more exquisite passages were murmuring gently, we have often lost the whole effect by the sibilant whisperers all around. Go where we would, change from parquet to gallery, from one side to the other, everybody was busy in disturbing all who came for music. In the pettishness of disappointment we sometimes have been disposed to place these ill-mannered whisperers in the Apostle's catalogue of offenders. It is certain that they stand high in the court of ill-bred people. A person may be intelligent, well-dressed, and amiable, his connections may be high, his parents wealthy, and he may proudly claim to belong to the first society; but a person who whispers at opera, or concert, is to be pronounced ill-mannered—and that without appeal, or benefit of clergy! Nor is that all. Parents cannot have done their duty whose children do not know any better how to behave on public occasions. And when people who are cheated out of all the pleasure for which they have come to a musical festival, are smarting with this annoyance, they inwardly blame the mother more than the daughter, and pity children that have been suffered to go out into society with so little knowledge of what is proper! A person who is truly polite at a concert or opera will be polite anywhere.

Blessed be silence! But, after that, blessed are all who "speak out loud and plain!"

"OLD BOYS" COASTING.

BY GEORGE W. BUNGAY.

The snow has whitened hill and plain,
And flakes have fallen on our hair,
In drifts that will not melt again,
But they shall never chill with pain
The "boy" that's brave and debonair.

So let us climb the hill that lies,
Like some huge giant in his shroud;
The more we nobly strive to rise,
The nearer we approach the skies,
And thinner grows the veil of cloud.

Up hill we draw the painted sled,
With weary steps the track we climb,
And then slide past the buried dead,
With snow on cheeks that once were red,
Over the hills and vales of time.

Look up the dizzy heights of fame,
And see the "old boys" coasting there;
That one spoke logic winged with flame,
This one had pride no power could tame:—
How swift their speed now through the air.

Down from Parnassus' lofty brow
See poets passing swiftly by—
They climbed the steeps from vales below;
Now their faint footsteps in the snow
No longer meet the traveller's eye.

Down, down, faster and faster still,
On "sleds" of various form they go;
Brokers and bankers, men of skill—
Soldiers and statesmen sweep the hill,
And lose themselves in drifts below.

One on his "speculation" slides,
Another on his "volume" goes,
This one his shifting "office" strides,
That one his splendid "hobby" rides,
Over the crisp and frozen snows.

A few glide safely down the steep,
But some, alas! are turned aside,
And over precipices leap,
Into the vale of tears, to weep,
Where fearful avalanches slide.

THE HARLOW ESTATE.

ITS HEIRS--REAL AND PRETENDED.

A TALE OF CITY LIFE.

BY P. HAMILTON MYERS,

AUTHOR OF "PAUL MORTON," "PRISONER OF THE BORDER," "BELL BRANDON," "THE VAN VELDENS," ETC.

CHAPTER I.

"It's the bist of riferences, sure, mem, that I can give yees, and all in illigant writin', too. Here's one in the natest little hand—that's from Ginral Hale, over in Brooklyn, jist, and here's another from Judge Jones, in Newark, and there's one from the Mayor of Phillydelfy, that I lived in his house three hull years, and every child in it cried enough to break its little heart when I lift 'em."

"Cried, did they?"

"Sure, and it was cry they did, to say nothin' of the misthress givin' me her second best silk frock when I kim off, and bigging me, almost wid tears herself, to think better of it, and stay wid 'em."

"And why did you leave such kind people, Bridget?"

"Lave 'em? Is it lave 'em you said?"

"I certainly did not say 'lave 'em,'" replied the somewhat stately lady who took part in this dialogue, and who looked with a languid smile upon the eager applicant for a place in her kitchen, without observing that the latter was a little nonplussed by her last question, and was repeating it in order to gain time to invent a plausible reply. "I asked why you left people who liked you so much, and treated you so kindly."

"Yis, mem; sure and I'd niver lift 'em at all but for my two own cousins, who had jist come over from the ould counthry, and were livin' here in New Yorick. Blood is thicker than water, mem, beggin' yer pardon."

Mrs. Sitterly looked listlessly over the recommendations—too listlessly to notice the remarkable similarity of handwriting in all three of the papers—too hurriedly to reflect that they were all dated at places so distant as not to admit of personal application to the writers.

She was dressed for a drive, and there was no time for such close investigations, especially as she was reduced to nearly a destitution of help by the loss of her laundress, leaving her with only seven servants for a family of four people.

Such a state of things was not to be endured. The certificates were all "first-rate." Bridget was endorsed as being skilled in all branches of housework, good-tempered, honest, faithful, affectionate, kind to children, &c., &c. Indeed, unless the mayor of Philadelphia was another Ananias in mendacity, the Irish "help" would have been a most desirable helpmeet for any honest man in search of a wife with a brogue and brogans.

The highly commended girl was of course engaged on her own terms, which, to the surprise of her employer, were a trifle more moderate than the kitchen tariff of the day.

It needed no second glance at Mrs. Sitterly, at her house and furniture, at the square in which she lived, and the park on which it fronted, to surmise that she was a lady of wealth and fashion.

But a sober second look and thought might have discovered indications of something more than an ordinary degree of affluence in the possessor of the palatial mansion to which the fortunate service-seeker had brought her recommendations. The house was very large, and the spacious parlors were thoroughly, and yet not chokingly, filled with furniture of the richest material, while scattered profusely on all sides were those countless little elegancies of art which evinced the entire absence of any economical ideas in the arrangement and decorations of the rooms.

The source of supply had evidently been abundant, and there had been no stint excepting what good taste had suggested.

There was something, too, in the air of the mistress of this great mansion, which evinced that she was quite at home amidst its magnificence. There was no affectation in her deportment, no appearance of expectation that beholders were to be struck with awe at the sight of her person or her dwelling.

Everything was commonplace to her, and everything about her was evidently designed for use, as well as show.

Two children were romping unreproved through the parlors, and tumbling over the velvet ottomans, and in the parlor, too, where she chanced to be when Bridget called, she received that model servant without even cautioning her to wipe the dust from her ample feet. But if Mrs. Sitterly's appearance bespoke wealth and refinement, it gave little evidence of happiness.

Haggard in face—more haggard because she was fair, and had once been beautiful—with a scowl which seemed to have taken a perpetual lease of her forehead, and could not be dispossessed, the fine lady would, perhaps, rather have excited pity than envy in the breast of an intelligent observer.

Whatever the particular phase of her trouble might be, it was evidently not light or of recent date. The skeleton in that great house must have been a co-tenant with the stately dame for many long years.

But whatever art could do to supply the loss of natural charms in the person of Mrs. Sitterly, had been well done.

Her hair, thanks to the barber, was untouched by the first frost of age, (that frost which never melts); her teeth—at least her party teeth—were perfect and of the latest fashion; and if her eyes no longer flashed the light of youth and joy, the jewels upon her white hands, and the diamond necklace upon her breast, flashed in their stead.

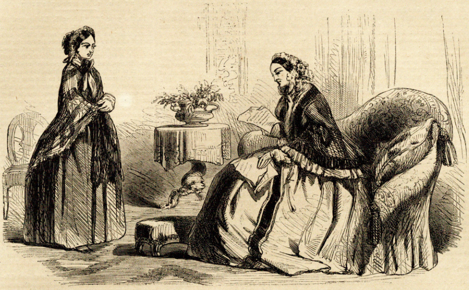
While she leaves us to introduce the delighted Bridget to her new sphere of labor, let us take a brief view of the children who are resting from their race, and sit panting, side by side, on one of the sofas.

The youngest of these was a beautiful boy of about six years—a plump, red-cheeked child, with large, blue eyes, whose chestnut-colored hair, though cut short, twisted up into little determined-looking curls all over his head, as if defiant of any attempt to put them down. His features were of the finest mould, and of the most delicate outline, such as no chiseling of the sculptor could more than faintly imitate, while his delicate white skin, his ample forehead, and his little pliant neck, all seemed to proclaim him a scion, if not of the aristocracy of an artificial society, at least of the true nobility of nature.

The elder child, if not too old for such a designation, was a girl of about fourteen years, so essentially unlike the cherubic boy at her side, that she would scarcely have been mistaken for his sister.

But Evelyn Sitterly was far from being unhandsome. She was slight and pale, with regular features radiant with the light of intellect, yet with most of her beauty centreing in and shining out of a pair of large, dark eyes, which seemed to evolve streams of tender affection upon the sweet boy beside her, whom she fondled and kissed at almost every third breath.

"How much do you love me to-day, Herbert?" she said, as she raised her lips for the twentieth time from his snowy neck, while he shouted with laughter, and strove to escape from the tickling encounter.



MRS. SITTERLY AND THE NEW "HELP."

"A great many bushels, Evvy; and if you won't go to school, and will stay home and play with me every day, I'll love you as much as this whole house full."

The boy cast a glance at a tier of books upon one end of the piano, which the school-girl had laid down as she came in, and which he seemed to regard as the chief enemies to his happiness.

"I *must* go to school; but I play with you every day when I come home, don't I?"

"But you stay *so* long, Evvy, and I have nobody to play with all that time—nobody."

"Your mamma——"

"She never plays with me, Evvy; she hasn't got time."

Evelyn well knew that Mrs. Sitterly was not a fond mother, that she gave up her time to the claims of fashionable society, of which she was a distinguished member—and that her only child was entrusted almost exclusively to other hands.

Being but the step-daughter of this worldly woman, she had long learned to expect no further manifestation of regard for herself than the proprieties of life demanded—but she was daily pained to see the dear child who had gained so strong a hold on her heart, neglected by his only living relative.

For Evelyn could not claim to be even a half-sister to the boy she so much loved, although her father and Herbert's mother were husband and wife, for each had been previously married and each had brought an only child into the new family.

"I know that mother has a great deal to do," she replied sadly; "she has so much company—and she has so many visits to make—and so many parties to attend—but she must have *some* time to play with you Herby——"

"No she don't—her head aches; oh you don't know how much mamma's head aches—and I have to be so still."

"But you go walking with Jenny."

"That isn't any fun, I'd rather go alone, and I do sometimes, away off ever so far, across the park, and clear over to another park—I don't know the name of it. *She* never knows it."

"But, Herbert, you must not do that. Mother would be very angry if she knew it."

"No, she don't care—she never asks where I've been."

"But you must promise me, Herbert, that you will not again go away from the house alone. It is very wrong and very dangerous. Will you promise?"

Herbert's blue eyes were raised to meet his companion's earnest look, and he responded with a low, plaintive "yes."

"Will you be very certain to remember—and obey?"

"Yes, sister."

"Dear, dear little fellow!" exclaimed Evelyn, as she kissed him again and again. "I would stay home with you every day and all day long, and never, *never* go to school another hour, if papa would only let me do so."

With great tears glistening in her beautiful eyes, now trebly beautiful with the tender gleam of pity and affection, she said this. Yet among all her academic mates, there was none more zealous in study, none more truly fond of school than Evelyn Sitterly.

CHAPTER II.

The sound of Mrs. Sitterly's carriage wheels had scarcely died away on the ensuing afternoon, as she drove out to make some formal calls, when Bridget, abandoning her work, resorted unhesitatingly (yet not without some pretext,) to an upper apartment, which bore the name of the nursery.

Here she found the solitary boy, not unlike a prisoner, dismally playing with some blocks, and old books, which he was trying to arrange into the shape of a house.

"He's a swate boy, intirely," she said by way of self-introduction, as she entered the room, "isn't he that same, now?"

Not understanding this language, Herbert replied by asking her what she wanted.

"Shall I play wid yees a bit, darlint?"

"No, I don't like you."

"Ye'd be likin this, then, I'm thinkin," she continued, taking from her pocket a paper of many colored candies, and holding it out towards him.

The boy advanced shyly, and on a little further invitation, took some of the confectionary, immediately retreating with it to a considerable distance from the donor.

"And what would you say to a walk in the park this fine afternoon, my honey—to say the beautiful fountain play, and all the little gould fishes a swimmin' in it."

"I go there with Jenny 'most every day, and I am going with Evvy to-day, when she comes home."

"Let's go and mate her, thin, and it's a beautiful hoop I'll buy yees to roll along the walk."

"A hoop—will you buy me a hoop?"

"Yis, will I, and with little bells on it to jingle as it turns over and over."

"Get my hat, then."

Bridget and her prattling companion hastened down stairs and would soon have been in the park, and out of it too—on the opposite side—but the ringing of the door bell brought that enterprising domestic to a sudden pause.

"Oh, it's Evvy come home from school," exclaimed the boy, gladly.

"The ould one is in it, thin, intirely," she said angrily, hastening to return to her post of labor; but stopping quickly, she seized the boy's arm, and said:

"Ye'll not tell her a word about it boy, or it's both your ears I'll cut off; yees won't tell her that I come to your room, or that we was goin' to walk and roll hoops?"

"N—no—no—don't you pinch my arm so."

"That's a fine boy, don't say a word, and to-morrow I'll get yees the hoop wid the silver bells on it."

Bridget hastened off in time to escape the observation of Evelyn, who was admitted by another servant.

Surprised at finding her pet in the hall, arrayed for a walk, Miss Sitterly asked him where he was going.

Herbert looked cautiously around, but did not reply.

"Were you going off again alone, after promising sister that you would not?"

"No, no—I wasn't, Evvy," answered the child, eagerly; and he seemed anxious to say more, but believing his ears to be in peril, he remained silent.

"Well, wait a few minutes and I will go out with you, as I promised."

The children went out together, and when they returned from a merry game of romps in the park, they found their mother at home, and a personage whom the young lady saw but seldom, and then very briefly—her father.

Frederick Sitterly was a husband of whom his wife was decidedly proud—for he was a very butterfly of fashion. It was in fashionable circles that she had caught him, being foremost in the race with many competitors after the gay insect.

It had been the great triumph of her life to distance a bevy of blooming belles and not a few fascinating widows in this pursuit; and her dear Frederick had been very careful before marriage to prevent her suspecting that she was in any way indebted for her success to the metallic charms which her first husband, an antiquated broker, had left to her.

He had not been so particular about keeping up this illusion after the knot was tied—and the dear, frivolous fellow, as Mrs. S. deemed him, manifested at times a very inquiring disposition after monetary affairs, and an extraordinary knowledge of the various uses to which the filthy lucre could be applied.

Mr. Frederick Sitterly was several years younger than his wife, and it was his delight to be considered under the age of thirty, for which purpose his sweet daughter of fourteen was to some extent ignored. He was in fact only thirty-five years old, and in sentimental moods was fond of repeating Mr. Willis's beautiful lines beginning—

"Oh, weary heart, thou'rt half way home,"

without, probably, reflecting that the home to which his life tended was one which most people would not be in any hurry to reach.

The defunct broker, whose whole life had been devoted to the accumulation of riches, yet who, if his weeping relict was to be credited, had been translated directly from the courts of Mammon to the court of Heaven, had not made any testamentary disposition of his wealth. His summons had been somewhat sudden, and whatever his designs had been in relation to his property, he had no opportunity to put them in execution.

Rumor, the jade, said that he cared nothing for his wife; nay, more, that they were bitterly hostile to each other, and that no one had more cause to rejoice at his dying intestate than she. For although the estate consisted almost entirely of lands and houses, in which the widow would legally be entitled to only a dower interest for her life, her son born several months after the decease of the father, would inherit the whole.

Thus she would retain possession of all the vast estate during the infant's long minority, and in case of its death, the mother would be heir to the child.

Dear little Herbert, upon whom this golden mantle had fallen, knew nothing of his good fortune, if such it were, and would have been far more happy in the humblest sphere, if cherished by the love of a true and tender mother.

He was almost a stranger to all those little endearments of maternal affection which the infantile heart so fully appreciates, and which are calculated to cultivate and educate its young affections. His earliest prattlings had been more often hushed by the voice of censure, than encouraged by smiles and kisses; and all his little life had been so clouded by frowns and rebukes that he had become a wary and timid child, nervous with constant apprehension of reproof.

But if his mother was thus faithless to her great trust, the man whom he called father was still less his friend and protector.

Frederick Sitterly looked with little favor upon the boy whom he knew, at no distant period, would be master of all the great wealth, which was now to some extent under his own control, and the ample income of which inured mainly to the benefit of himself and his wife. A few years indeed would not only suffice to enlighten the growing heir as to his rights, but would entitle him to a guardian of his own choosing, who would be held to a strict accountability for his trust.

It would not be saying too much to aver that the step-father looked with a jealous eye upon little Herbert Harlow; and that he found himself at times calculating the chances of the boy's falling a victim to some of the numerous maladies incident to childhood. He would, in fact, have been better satisfied if the little heir had been less robust, and had inherited a constitution less proof against disease.

But Sitterly, though utterly selfish, was not naturally a harsh man. He neglected and disliked, but did not usually ill-treat his step-son. He had indeed no spark of affection for him, and Herbert had long learned not to look to him for any of those little words and acts of kindness to which a child's heart so joyfully responds.

Having such parents as these, no wonder that the boy clung closely to the one dear friend, whose love for him was ever free and unfailing, and who was always ready to sacrifice her own pleasures for his benefit. His attachment to Evelyn was unbounded, and she accepted it as the rich reward of all her self-denying kindness towards him.

"Here come these little children," said Mr. Sitterly, as Evelyn and Herbert entered the parlor, where he had been eloquently setting forth the merits of a fifteen-hundred-dollar span of beautiful bays to which he had been giving a trial on the Bloomingdale road, and which he only awaited his wife's consent to purchase. "They always come at the wrong time. Have you no lessons to get, Evvy? How is it you find so much time to run about?"

"We have only been in the park. I promised Herbert this morning I would take him there."

"Herbert does not require your services, I believe," interposed the mother. "Jenny has orders to go out with him every afternoon."

"I fear you are a naughty little girl, Evvy," said her father.

"She is not a little girl, and it is preposterous to call her so, Frederick. Evelyn is quite tall, and she is now past——"

"No matter what she is past, my dear," replied the husband, smiling. "I know she is twelve, or thereabouts; it isn't necessary to be very particular about ages. You can go to your books, Evvy, and be a better girl next time."

The children went out, Herbert holding on to the skirt of his sister's dress, and looking back quite terrified at the splendid apparition which he was taught to call "father." No word, no look of kindness had been bestowed upon him; and he did not even know that he was entitled to it.

"And now about the horses, Louise? My heart is set upon them—next to you, my love—the very next thing."

"Well, Fred., it's a small matter," replied the flattered wife. "You may do as you choose, especially if you are sure they are faster than Halley's."

"Faster? We trotted past Halley without so much as a 'chirrup' to them, and could have driven quite around him several times in a mile if we had chosen. I would have brought them home for you to see, but Wells, the owner, is anxious to sell to-day, and he has taken out Tom Shimmer, who has a great mind to buy. Wouldn't Mrs. S. be in high feather behind such a pair of animals?"

"There, stop talking, Fred., and go fill out a check. You will lose your chance if you stand here all day."

"I have the check already for your signature, my dear," said the husband. "I knew you would never resist such a pair of beauties."

The horses were bought, greatly to the delight of both parties, who had the pleasure of trotting past their dear friends, the Halleys and the Shimmers, the very next afternoon, wafting kisses back to them from the tips of their scented gloves as they did so.

CHAPTER III.

On that same afternoon, Bridget, the laundress, might have been seen, arrayed in her best apparel, hurrying out of the basement door, and making her way with hasty strides towards the adjacent park, with the air of one who did not saunter for pleasure, but who was bent on business.

Passing the merry throng of children who played along the gravelled walks, with the privilege only of looking at the beautiful grass, from which they were warned by notices at every corner to keep off, and the nurses who gossipped together on the benches, with scarce a glance at the precious charges which they were supposed to be fondly guarding; passing the merry school-girls who loitered, satchel in hand, on their homeward way, to play with the prettiest of the toddling infants; passing even the playful fountain without the slightest heed, the model servant made her way across the square, across the street which bounded it on the opposite side, and down one of the thoroughfares which pours its ceaseless tide of life into the main artery of the metropolis.

Traversing street after street, a labyrinthian route, and turning frequent corners, she entered a narrow lane between the rears of two blocks of brick buildings, which, towering six stories high, afforded some such view of the blue sky as one might gain from the bottom of a well.

Nearly midway of this alley, which was populous with pigs and dirty children, she darted into a basement, the door of which stood open, and after traversing a long, dark hall, she knocked at a door, which must have been quite invisible to her, but with the locality of which she seemed well acquainted. Her rap was a peculiar one, and was repeated several times in quick succession before it was answered. When she entered she was heartily greeted by the voice of the inmates—two men, who were playing at cards across a rickety table, and a slatternly woman, who was frying meat on a stove in one corner of the room.

One of the men, a tall, slim, heavily-whiskered person, with a hooked nose and bushy eyebrows, who was dressed somewhat flashily, and by no means in a style indicating poverty, rose from the table as Bridget entered, and said to his companion:

"No more play now, Joe; we'll draw these stakes, for I've got business with this here lady."

"Oh—aye—all right. That's an invite for me to tramp, I reckon."

"If *you* please, my friend."

The visitor withdrew very good-naturedly, winking all around as he did so; and when the tall man had closed the door after him, he turned to Bridget, with a—"Now, then, my girl."

The woman at the stove abandoned her cooking, and came forward with a long iron spoon in her hand, to listen.

"Well, thin," said Bridget, "it's the right place this time; and in a day or two—or, three, mayhap——"

"A day or two, or three," echoed the man, impatiently. "Haven't you been there three days already, and I waiting and looking for you all the while?"

"Sure an' it's truth ye spake; but it's not my fault at all—at all. He's a little strange like yet; but I a'most got him yisterday, only you see his sister, a meddling craythur, kem in jist at the wrong time—ill luck to her."

"They are very rich people, Bridget—hey?"

"Troth, are they. Well, you may say that same."

"I am sure they are. They are very fond of the boy?"

"They doat on him, Mr. Grume. They dress him like a little prince, and kape him shut up in a room all alone, as if he was too good to spake to a body."

"They'll come down handsomely for him. A thousand dollars reward, or something like that. You'll see, Sary Ann."

"In course they will. It's not a thousand, nor two iv 'em, I'd like to take for what ye'll get."

"It's my opinion, Tom," said the woman with the spoon, "that it's a resky business, and won't pay. Better let the boy alone. You never made anything that way yet."

"I never tried it but twice. Once the police got track of the boy; then I got credit for takin' on him in, and giving him shelter; and the other was the son of a poor man, who only advertised fifty dollars reward. I wouldn't take the risk for that, you know. So I let him go."

"In the strate?"

"No; I took him home in the evening, and rang the door-bell, and dodged off around the corner. But I heard the screams and shouts of joy a following of me down the street. That's what I call a virtuous action; that it'll do a man good to think of when he comes to his end."

"In course it was."

"But you see they've got to pay for this chap, if I once get him; 'cause they can afford it. I don't mean to make a shilly-shally business of this."

"And I am to have——"

"Just what I told you, Bridget. Accordin' to what I get, you know."

"Well, thin, on Monday afternoon, for to-day is Saturday. On Monday afternoon, I'm thinkin', when the grand lady goes out, there'll be time before Miss Aveline comes in from school. Ye'll be at the fur side o' the park, wid two or three hoops in yer hand."

"Hoops?"

"Yis, hoops; but they'll not be the right kind jist that we've come out to buy; but you'll have nicer ones at yer shop a little ways off; nice hoops with silver bells on 'em, d'ye see?"

"Oh, yes, I see. You're a jewel, Bridget. I'll be there. But at what hour do you say?"

"At half-past one; she always rides out in the mornin'. (*She* calls it mornin' till the blessed sun isn't more'n two hours high.) At half-past one or two she goes, and Avvy kems in about half-an-hour later. We must take the time atween when the ould one goes and the young one comes."

"Just so. I'll be there at one, to make sure."

"And stay till I come wid the boy, or widout."

"It won't be good for your health to come without him, Bridget," said Grume, smiling grimly.

"Ah, it's a funny boy you are intirely; and if the childer only know'd what a nice man it is, I'm thinkin' he'd come to you of his own accord."

"I don't know what my friends would think, if they should see me in the park selling hoops; but I suppose I can hang them on the fence, and read a newspaper or smoke cigars until you come."

"Yes, sure you can do that same."

The pretty programme being fully settled, the friends parted company, and Bridget returned in haste to her place of service.

CHAPTER IV.

The frequenters of the spacious park in front of the Sitterly mansion, all knew by sight a little, odd woman, who on every fine afternoon occupied a seat near the fountain, sometimes actively plying a set of knitting needles, sometimes sewing, and never entirely idle. She came and went at such regular hours that the children reckoned the time of day by her movements, and when she did not come at all they gathered in little knots and talked about her, and wondered if she were sick. *They* thought her a very old woman; for Aunt Ally, as they called her, always dressed in an old fashioned way, and was not quite as upright in body as she was in heart. Yet a close observer would have seen that she had a fresh, fair, almost young looking face, plaited, indeed, into a few fine wrinkles about the corners of the eyes, but otherwise unfurrowed by Time.

Aunt Ally, indeed, was not past forty, and aided by dress and fashion might easily have passed for a full decade less, but she seemed to prefer to appear old, and old we shall call her, as the children did.

Why she came so regularly to the park, where she never walked about, and to the fountain which she seldom looked at, was a marvel even to the little observers, whom, at least, she always did look at, and watch a great deal.

Some of the prattlers said that she came to the green, because she was poor and had no house to stay in—others guessed that she lived in a cellar or a basement, and that she came out into the fresh air for her health. None reflected that her visits to the park were always at the hour when it was most populous with little folks, and that she departed when the juvenile throng began to disperse.

Aunt Ally was kind to all, but she had her favorite among the children, and that was one so little accustomed to kindness that he met all her gentle advances with delight.

Little Herbert Harlow would sit by the hour, along side of his strange friend, who seemed never so happy as when he was at her side, and who would tell him endless stories—continued from day to day—for which, like most children, and like many of a larger growth, his appetite was unflagging.

Aunt Ally's pocket, too, seemed to be a store house of good things—for she was never without some little gift for her pet. Sometimes it was a cherry cheeked apple, sometimes a few nuts or sugar plums, or a penny picture-book, but there was always something for Herbert, and, more rarely, for other children, too.

Sometimes Jenny, the maid, failing to find her own cronies, would suddenly break up these happy meetings, and hurry off her little prisoner in the midst of some exciting tale, of which he would think and dream until he was again at the good dame's side. But more often the servant was glad to be rid of her charge so easily, and she would leave him for an hour or more, while she went into the city on an errand or a visit, being sure to find him still at the side of his enchantress on her return.

These were happy hours for Herbert, and it need scarcely be said that his little heart, the affections of which had been so repressed by neglect and harshness at home, learned to love the strange, good woman, as it loved none other, save dear Evelyn.

That young lady was herself no stranger to Aunt Ally, beside whom she sometimes sat with her brother listening to a section of her long romance. Their common affection for the boy was a bond of union between them, and Evelyn had gleaned some scraps of intelligence in relation to the history of her humble friend.

She was not very poor, not by any means destitute, but she was a childless widow, and almost without a relation in the world.

In a near street, where Evelyn had once accompanied her, she kept a thread and needle store in a little triangular room, so small that three customers really could not have gained admittance at once, and her whole stock in trade might have been nightly carried home in a satchel. Yet Aunt Ally made a living, and something more. It was little such a lone body required, and she was even able to hire a clerk (a daughter of the newspaper dealer opposite) to tend her shop an hour or two every afternoon while she made her daily visit to the park.

It was a gratification to Evelyn that she was able to bestow on the widow some patronage from the great house, the servants and employees of which were generally friendly to the young lady, and were by no means particular where they spent their mistress's money.

Thus, by one means and another, the school-girl and the widow became really attached friends, the latter regarding Evelyn as something not much short of an angel of light, and worthy almost as much of homage as of love.

Miss Sitterly was so impressed with the lonely and pitiable condition of her brother, and was so moved by his appeals, that she had fully resolved to ask permission either to abandon school or to take Herbert with her. It did not seem to her quite probable that either petition would be granted, but she was resolved to try, although it was a very embarrassing and painful task to prefer any request to one so nearly a stranger to her as her father. There was no fellowship between them, no mutual understanding of each other, and just now she felt herself particularly guilty and in disgrace, by reason of the joint rebuke she had received from her parents at her last interview with them.

Yet outweighing all these considerations to deter her—the mournful look with which her little brother followed her each morning to the door, and followed her with his eyes as far as he could see her form, haunted her memory, and nerved her with resolution for her task.

Frederick Sitterly had breakfasted at eleven on a fine autumnal morning, when the sun was but five hours high, and he was going out to billiards, a model of elegance in dress and figure, and looking so very young that no one would have thought his unweary heart was even "half way home."

He looked so good-natured and self satisfied, too, that Evelyn thought it an auspicious time for her application, and she made it with a heart beating so violently that she could scarcely hear her own faintly articulated words.

"Hey, Evvy—what's that? Give up school, do you say?"

"I will study just as hard at home, sir; and then I can take care of Herbert."

"Why, really—why—does Mrs. Sitterly desire it? She has said nothing to me about it."

"No, pa, no; but poor Herbert is so lonely, and he has no companion."

"Why—what is that to *you?* I do not see why you should trouble yourself about him. You are not his waiting maid, I believe."

"But, pa——"

"Nonsense, girl! Such a seminary, too! So fashionable, and celebrated, and so—so high priced; and where they teach you manners, and high life, and deportment, besides grammar, and other little things! Why, it would not be the thing at all! I am astonished at you, Evelyn. You are really becoming a—a—quite a plebeian in your tastes. I am shocked!"

"But, pa——"

"Not at all. You forget that education is the very what-d'ye-call-it of life, and is at the bottom of—of most everything, ahem! Really, I cannot hear of it. Go—get your books——"

"It's Saturday to-day," said the now weeping girl.

"Ah, very well; you can stay home till Monday, then."

The graceful Mr. Sitterly glided out of the front door as he said this, and his unhappy daughter sat down to cry, oppressed with a sense of her own desolation, as well as with grief for the bitter disappointment awaiting her brother.

But she had another hope, faint indeed, yet still a hope, although compounded of two improbabilities, one of which was that Mrs. Sitterly would permit her son to attend school with her—and the other, that prim Miss Hallen would relax her rigid rules, and allow such a thing as a male biped, however diminutive and sweet, to attend her seminary for young ladies.

To her great surprise and delight her stepmother did not make any objection of her own to the plan. She seemed quite indifferent about it, and said if Evelyn chose to have the trouble of the boy, she might take him certainly, but she thought Miss Hallen would never consent to it—indeed, she was quite sure of it.

"If you will permit me to say that it is your desire——"

"Oh, yes—you may say anything; but you must really excuse me now, as my head cannot possibly endure another syllable."

It had endured a great many syllables and several continuous hours of loud music on the preceding evening at the opera, where the gentle language of love and the defiant tones of wrath—pleadings for pity and fierce denunciations of vengeance—were alike sung in most melodious strains, and with an uproar more deafening than all the little children in upper tendom could have made with full liberty to do their best.

But Evelyn was too much delighted at the success of her application to see any incivility in her mother's abrupt dismissal of her, and she hastened to communicate the good news to her expectant brother, who awaited with much anxiety the issue of all these important negotiations.

Their sports for that holiday (Saturday was the one day marked with white in little Herbert's calendar) were greatly enhanced by the pleasant anticipations which they were now able to indulge. Yet it was not without some misgivings that Evelyn contemplated the result of her intended application to Miss Hallen. When she remembered how rigidly her rules in this respect had hitherto been enforced—how determinedly the gates of *her* temple of science had always been shut down upon even the tiniest of trousers—and, above all, when she thought of the extremely ceremonious deportment of that stately lady, and her exceedingly civil way of refusing favors, in the most ornate and well rounded sentences—she knew that all her powers of diplomacy would be required to ensure success.

When Monday morning came, she asked the privilege of dressing Herbert in his best, and taking him with her, for she thought his extreme beauty and gentleness would be irresistable even with the frigid and austere tutor. But, much to her disappointment, this privilege was peremptorily refused. Yet she had one talisman on which she relied with much confidence, and that was her stepmother's name. She was authorized to say that Mrs. Sitterly desired the favor which she was about to ask.

Miss Hallen's reception of the timid Evelyn's petition fully sustained her reputation for civil asperity.

She was a very tall, thin lady, with a neck like a gobler's, surmounted by a head so small, and a face so red, as decidedly to increase her resemblance to the bird of Christmas.

"If I rightly understand Miss Sitterly," she said, after hearing her through, with some ill-restrained nervous jerkings of the head, "she makes the extraordinary proposition to introduce a young gentleman into this seminary for ladies."

Evelyn smiled, despite her anxiety, as she replied:

"No, ma'am—a very little boy——"

"Precisely—small, but still a member of the opposite sex. This is the proposition, I believe."

Evelyn believed it was, but repeated, with some earnestness, that the boy was very small.

"Size does not alter principles, Miss Sitterly, nor affect great fundamental questions of propriety. A boy of seven years is not much larger than one of six, another of eight is still but a trifle taller than him of seven, and so on, even up to a young man of twenty-one."

Miss Hallen emphasized the young man of twenty-one with some such an accent and an expression of face as might have befitted the mention of an ogre.

But Evelyn did not look at all alarmed.

"You perceive this, I suppose, Miss Sitterly," she continued.

Evelyn did.

But, after proceeding thus far, the tutor suddenly reflected that she might be giving offence in high quarters, and she quickly added:

"I hope, Miss Sitterly, that this is an inconsiderate suggestion of your own, and that it does not express the wishes of your very respectable parents."

"On the contrary," replied Evelyn, "Mrs. Sitterly herself authorized me to make the request."

"Ah! Of course, we will make all rules bend that are not utterly inflexible, at the desire of Mrs. Sitterly," replied Miss Hallen, in a very changed tone, and with some remarkable sinuous movements of the neck. "I will speak to my sister about it, and one of us will communicate the result of our deliberations to you in the course of the morning."

Evelyn knew that she had triumphed, and she was so delighted that she was able to give very little attention on that day either to weighty lectures on deportment and etiquette, or to those minor matters alluded to by her father as "grammar and other little things."

When she went home, it was, of course, with full permission to bring her pet to school, which she resolved to do the very next day. Little did the happy girl dream of the wicked plot, which was at that very hour maturing, threatening the wreck of her own happiness, and of his whom she so tenderly loved.

CHAPTER V.

Mrs. Sitterly did not disappoint the expectant Bridget in the punctuality of her movements. Her carriage was at the door a full half hour before Evelyn's time for return from school, and she drove off on a shopping tour with a full purse if not with a light heart.

But she was in rather buoyant spirits, and if she did not quite smile as she stept into her carriage, the frown on her forehead was a little fainter than usual, for she had an agreeable remembrance of the deference with which she was always treated by merchants and salesmen, and she was disposed to attribute this attention to something distinguished in her air, rather than to the golden wand which she was known to wield.

No sooner had she gone, than the emissary of the enterprising Mr. Grume was again at her work, for Herbert was so accustomed to be alone when he was in the house, that she seldom found any obstructions to her plans, if only "the old un" and "Miss Aveline" were out of the way.

The lad was greatly elated with his new hopes of going to school, and he was already running at frequent intervals to the front door, to look for his sister, with the expected intelligence of his matriculation. Here the tempter encountered him with the double inducement of the coveted hoop, and an opportunity to meet Evelyn, and learn her news the sooner.

"It's quick you must be," she said, as he ran to get his hat and tippet—for it was a chill autumnal day—"or we'll not hev time to rowl the hoop and hear the beautiful bells jingle."

"In a minnit I'll be ready," was the gay response—and in a minute he was; but as some time had already been lost in Bridget's own preparations, she knew that the danger was not light of really meeting the school girl, whom, of course, she was most anxious to avoid. She therefore did not enter the park by the nearest gate, but hurried her little prize along towards an entrance and an avenue across the green quite remote from that which Miss Sitterly invariably traversed.

It was the nearest route to the hoop merchant, she told the boy, and so it was, for at the end of it Mr. Grume sat upon a bench quite gaily dressed, and smoking a cigar, beside three old barrel hoops which hung on the iron fence. Before they reached him, though, they passed the fountain, and although they were a good many rods from it, they were not too far for Herbert to discover the faded green shawl of his friend Aunt Ally, who was already at her post. Determined to know whether the two little girls on the raft succeeded in making the men in the big ship see the flag which they had made out of their red petticoats, (for at that tantalizing part of Aunt Ally's story the cruel Jenny had torn him away,) Herbert darted suddenly from his companion's side and scampered across the green, shouting as he did so:

"Hold on Bridget, I'll be back in a minnit."

"Hey! ye spalpeen!" shouted the enraged woman, starting in pursuit, "what's into ye now, to be runnin' off like that? Hey darlint," she continued, as she came within hearing distance of her victim, who stopped to explain. "That's not the way my swate jewel."

"Oh I know it, Biddy, I only want to speak to Aunt Ally over there."

"And who is Aunt Ally now? Wait, thin, till we come back; it'll be ony a minnit, jist."

But the attraction was too great; Herbert bounded off and was at his good friend's side, asking the important question before the panting servant could overtake him.

"Sit down, my love," said Mrs. Binney, after kissing the boy, "and I will tell you all about it."

"And who be you that ud 'tice the child away from me when it's an arrant we're sent on from the great house yon," said the servant, angrily, and seizing the boy by the hand.

"Don't be angry, Biddy; this is good Aunt Ally. I only want to ask her a question, and then we'll go on."

The question was asked and answered, and then Mrs. Binney said, in a low voice:

"Herbert, does this woman live at your mother's house? Is she one of the servants there?"

"Oh, yes, ma'am; this is our Bridget."

"Oh, very well, then; but I wish you could wait a few minutes, for it must be almost Miss Evelyn's time to come from school."

"We are coming right straight back Aunty in a few minutes, aint we Bridget?"

"Iv coorse we are, and before you can say Jack Robinson."

"And tell Evvy to wait here for me, right here!"

"Yes, tell her to wait!" echoed the servant, as she hurried off, more than ever alarmed lest the young lady should see them.

They found Grume with the hoops on his arm, for he saw them coming, and when Bridget told her pretended errand, he said:

"You're too late; they're all sold out but these three poor ones. But I'm jist goin' round to the shop, where I've got a lot of all kinds, with bells and without, the beautifullest things you ever saw. If you've a mind to come along, I'll sell you one red, white, green, blue or yellow."

Herbert's eyes sparkled, and he looked very wishfully at Bridget, greatly afraid that she would not consent to go so far.

"Iv coorse we'll go," she said; "it's not far, I s'pose."

"Only a little way;" and the kidnappers, with their tiny victim between them, one hand placed confidingly in one of each of theirs, hurried forward, not giving the poor child even a chance to look back at the home he was leaving, or at dear Aunt Ally, who was patiently waiting for his return.

If he *had* looked back, he might even have seen Evelyn, who was at that moment approaching a gate of the park about sixty yards distant from that which had just closed with no small clangor behind him.

His little red tippet and jaunty velvet cap caught her eye, and she stopped a moment to wonder if it could possibly be Herbert. No; it was evidently some child walking with its parents; there was nothing very peculiar in a red tippet and black cap, and she turned away and resumed her route.

But as she reached the gate she looked again, and this time, even at that far distance, something, she knew not what, in the shape or gait of the child, seemed to flash conviction upon her that the receding little form was that of her loved brother.

Not stopping to argue probabilities, she started in pursuit in such extreme haste and anxiety that the few minutes which intervened before she could get across the crowded street seemed to her a quarter of an hour. Everything was in her way, and she was sure there never before had been such a tide of vehicles setting both ways at the same time, and so entirely blocking up the passage. The child and his companions had safely crossed, and had turned down another street where she had lost sight of them, but she was sure, if she could once get over, she would soon overtake them.

Twice or thrice she was driven back, having ventured, in her frantic haste, fairly under the heads of the horses; but as these animals are educated to the exigencies of Broadway, and are sometimes rather more forbearing and mannerly than their drivers, she did not come to harm.

The perilous transit was at last effected, and Evelyn ran along the opposite pavement with a speed and determination which left no thought for appearances, and no observation of the hundreds who stopped and turned to watch her strange flight.

But ere she gained the street which the boy had entered, the strong impression made by her last sight of him had partly faded—and she was again struck with the extreme improbability of its being really her brother that she was in pursuit of. She had seen Bridget only a few times, and never arrayed for the street, and no thought of the servant for a moment entered her mind. Jenny she would have recognized, and Jenny she was sure it was not; and these reflections increased her doubts until she began to be ashamed of her impetuosity. Still she did not relax her speed until she reached the corner which she was to turn, and there she paused a moment to take a survey of the route before her, and see if she could again catch a glimpse of the child.

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

CAPTAIN KIDD.

BY DR. S. COMPTON SMITH.

In the year 1696, Robert L. Livingston, the ancestor of the present Livingstons of New York, being in England on some affairs connected with the colonies, chanced to make the acquaintance of Lord Bellamont, just then appointed as Governor of Massachusetts Bay and New Hampshire. In conversation upon the subject of the American provinces, his lordship, among other matters, referred to the acts of the buccaneers, which at that time were common in our waters, particularly in Massachusetts Bay, Long Island Sound, and along the Atlantic coast as far south as Chesapeake Bay. These facts were admitted by Mr. Livingston, and he united with his lordship in regretting the scandal which attached to the provinces in consequence of them.

After various conversations upon the subject, Mr. Livingston at length suggested the policy of sending an armed vessel, in command of a suitable person, to rid the waters of these obnoxious cruisers, and introduced a Scotchman, and fellow countryman, Captain Robert Kidd, as just the man for that business. This man Mr. L. recommended as "a man of integrity and courage, well acquainted with the pirates and their rendezvous; and who would undertake to apprehend them, if the king would employ a good sailing frigate of thirty guns, and one hundred and fifty men."

This proposition was laid before the king, who called the attention of the admiralty to the subject. But the latter, from some cause, did not give it much thought, and referred the matter back to the governor elect.

It was now proposed by Bellamont and Livingston to embark in the adventure, and make a joint stock speculation of it. The latter offered to become concerned with Kidd, to the amount of one-fifth of the cost of the outfit, and to be himself personally responsible for the good conduct of his friend, and his faithful execution of the commission assigned him. Bellamont also took shares, and even King William not only approved the plan, but to encourage it, reserved to himself a tenth share in the enterprise. The Lord Chancellor and other prominent persons joined in the scheme, which promised a rich return in the spoils of the buccaneers, and the sum of six thousand pounds was immediately subscribed and paid over into the hands of Lord Bellamont, who was to make out Kidd's commission, and superintend the fitting out of the vessel.

At length, everything being completed, Kidd, with the "Adventure Galley," sailed in the month of April, 1696, from Plymouth, for New York, his vessel carrying thirty guns and eighty men.

At this period King William was at war with France, and Kidd was commissioned not only to destroy the freebooters, but to take any French merchantmen he might fall in with.

As an earnest of what his employers might expect from him, he captured on his voyage a French "Banker," which he carried into New York, where she was legally condemned, and sold for the benefit of the company.

In New York, the crew of the Adventure Galley, numbering one hundred and fifty men, was completed. Each man was to share at a certain rate in the proceeds of the cruise.

Kidd first proceeded to Madeira, where he took in a supply of wine and other stores, from whence he sailed to Buena Vista, on the island of Teneriffe, for salt, and then directed his course to Madagascar, which was known to be the rendezvous of pirates. He arrived off the coast of this island on the 10th of February, 1697.

Although Kidd's ostensible object, at first, was the breaking up of the buccaneers on the American coast, it was afterwards determined by his employers to cruise in those seas which held out the greatest promise of gain. Indeed, it was a speculative rather than philanthropic object the stockholders had in view.

The Madagascar pirates were most of them absent in search of prey on the arrival of Kidd, and finding nothing worth taking but a few provisions, and having watered, he sailed for the coast of Malabar.

After several months cruising in these waters, during which time the Adventure Galley had not taken a single prize of any value, Kidd discovered that his men were becoming dissatisfied, and signs of a mutiny began to be observable, and he himself began to be apprehensive that, discouraged by his want of success, his owners would dismiss him from his command.

One day, when running down the coast to the southward of Goa, the crew became so turbulent at their continued ill luck, that Kidd, as he himself asserted on his subsequent trial, called them about him, and proposed that if they would remain obedient to his orders, he would, in a few days, lead them to better fortune. He then informed them that he was daily expecting to fall in with the Mocha fleet, when he expected to take a rich prize from among them, and if they were disposed to adopt the course of free rovers, he was ready to command them as such. The crew assured Kidd that such had become their determination, and received his acquiescence with hearty cheers. After this they returned to their duties, and eagerly awaited the appearance of the expected vessels.

Finally they were descried approaching the coast, and the Adventure Galley bore down upon them. A Moorish ship led the fleet. This vessel Kidd attacked, when the entire squadron, some of whom were well armed, hauled upon the wind, and coming up to him, made the pirate sheer off.

But having commenced hostilities, and compromised the character of his vessel, he determined not to be driven off till he had secured a small craft belonging to Moorish merchants.

This vessel was richly freighted, and under the command of an Englishman named Parker. The only Europeans on board were this man and a Portuguese named Rodriguez. These Kidd forced to join his crew. The English captain, who was acquainted with the coast, he made his pilot, while the other was reserved to act as interpreter.

It was said he also used the men belonging to the Moorish vessel with great cruelty, causing them to be hoisted up by their arms to the rigging, and whipping them unmercifully, to extort from them a confession of the whereabouts of their money, which he supposed was hidden somewhere in the hold.

After taking from this vessel everything of value, she was permitted to return to the fleet.

The report of this piracy spread like wildfire along the Malabar coast, and a Portuguese man-of-war left Goa in quest of this new sea-robber. She fell in with the Adventure Galley, and a desperate engagement took place. Both vessels were much injured, and both lost many men. For a while Kidd was hopeful of victory; but finding, at length, that the Portuguese was too strong for him, and he being able to outsail her, he made good his escape.

Soon after this affair the pirate met with much better success. But after a while, entertaining fears that his conduct would bring him ultimately to the gallows, he wished to abandon this sort of life.

About this time he fell in with a Dutch ship, having a very valuable cargo, and entirely unprepared for resistance. This vessel he permitted to continue her voyage without molestation, although she had been completely in his power. Upon this his crew, accusing him of accepting a bribe from the Dutch skipper as the condition of his forbearance, mutinied, and threatened to take the command from him. The dispute was peremptorily settled by Kidd, who, drawing a pistol, shot the ringleader of the revolt dead at his feet.

This act seemed to have driven from his bosom all feelings of penitence for the past events, and indulging his men in all their love of plunder, he soon satisfied the most vicious among them that he was all they could wish for in a pirate commander.

Coasting along Malabar, he fell in with large numbers of vessels, among which was a heavy Portuguese ship. This vessel he kept possession of for several days, till he had relieved her hold of everything of value which he could stow in his own vessel, and then suffered her to depart.

Soon after this event, being in need of wood and water, Kidd landed on one of the Malabar islands, where one of his officers was murdered by the natives. The pirates attacked the village, and having burnt it, hung the chief upon a tree, and then shot him.

They now put to sea again, and the first vessel they encountered was a Moorish ship of four hundred tons, richly laden. The share of each man, after the proceeds of this prize were sold, amounted to two hundred pounds sterling, while Kidd's was eight thousand. Some of his men were transferred to the prize; and the two vessels sailed in company to Madagascar, where he made the friendship of some noted pirates, and disposed of his cargoes on the most advantageous terms.

The name of his Moorish prize was the "Queda Merchant," and finding the Adventure no longer sea-worthy, he transferred himself and crew on board of her.

It was now that Kidd experienced his first great misfortune, since he had adopted the career of a pirate.

Being dissatisfied at the unequal distribution of the prize money, most of his men abandoned him, and united their fortunes with the Madagascar buccaneers.

In vain he proposed to pay over to them all of his own share, if they would return to duty; forty only of his men remained true to him.

After this, touching at one of the Islands of the Malay Archipelago, Kidd was not surprised to learn that the report of his piracies had been conveyed to England, and that having been declared an outlaw, a motion had been made in the House of Commons to inquire into the conduct of the parties who had been engaged in fitting out the expedition.

Some of these persons, among whom were Lord Bellamont and Mr. Livingston, were afterward impeached, but honorably acquitted.

Kidd also learned at this island that the British monarch had made proclamation, offering his free pardon to all such pirates as should surrender themselves before the last day of April, 1699. But he did not learn that there had been made an exception to himself.

Had he been aware of this exception, he would not have been so eager to throw himself into the power of his enemies.

"Relying," it is said, "upon his interest with Lord Bellamont, and believing that a French pass or two he had found on board some of the ships he had taken would hush up the affair, while his booty would gain him new friends, he sailed directly for New York; where he no sooner landed than the whole company was arrested by Lord Bellamont's orders, together with their papers and effects."

At first Kidd and his principal officers were admitted to bail, while the men were heavily ironed and imprisoned. But it being rumored that it was Kidd's intention to forfeit his securities, he and his officers were thrown into confinement, till an opportunity occurred by which they could be sent to England. There they had their trial, at an Admiralty Session, held at the Old Bailey in the year 1701.

"Captain Robert Kidd, Nicholas Churchill, James Howe, Robert Lumley, William Jenkins, Gabriel Loff, Hugh Parrott, Richard Barlicorn, Abel Owens, and Darby Mullins, were arraigned for piracy and robbery on the high seas, and all found guilty, except three—Lumley, Jenkins, and Barlicorn, who proved themselves under apprenticeship; the others availed themselves of the pardon and surrendered."

Kidd and his companions were hung in chains at Execution Dock, London, where their skeletons were for several years left exposed—a terror and an example to all evil-doers.

Kidd, on his homeward passage, anchored in Gardiner's Bay, off the east end of Long Island, and in the presence of the owner of Gardiner's Island, after enjoining him to the most solemn promise of secresy, buried a pot of gold, silver and precious stones.

After his arrest, it being by some means ascertained that he had buried treasure on this island, Lord Bellamont sent commissioners to obtain the same, for which they gave a receipt to Mr. Gardiner.

Mr. John B. Gardiner has a piece of gold cloth, which his father received from Mrs. Wetmore, who gave also the following account of Kidd's visit to the island:

"I remember," she says, "when very young, hearing my mother say, that her grandmother was the wife to Lord Gardiner when the pirate came to that island. He wanted Mrs. Gardiner to roast him a pig; she being afraid to refuse, roasted it very nice, and he was much pleased with it. He then made her a present of this cloth, which she gave to her two daughters. What became of the other I know not; but this was handed down to me, and is, I believe, as nice as when first given, which must be upwards of a hundred years."

HOW SHE FIXED HIM.

A tyrannical husband locked the door against his wife, who was out, visiting a neighbor, and when she applied for admittance, he pretended not to know her. She threatened to jump in the well if he did not open the door. He had no idea that she would do so, and obstinately insisted that he did not know her; so she took a log, and plunged it into the well, and simultaneously with the splash it made she placed herself by the side of the door, and as the husband darted out in his night clothes, she darted in, locked the door, and declared she did not know *him*. He had to remain there till he was penitent, and then she let him in.

THE MUTE SINGER.

BY ANNA CORA RITCHIE.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE GREAT WORLD AGAIN.

Maitre Beaujeu lost no time in communicating the glad tidings to Mademoiselle de St. Amar. An enthusiastic letter of congratulation from Honorine greeted Sylvie a few hours later; a letter filled with expressions of wonder and delight at the sudden restoration of the young singer's voice, replete with pathetic lamentations over the late interruption of intercourse, and closing with fond anticipations that the link so mysteriously broken would now, happily, be cemented.

Sylvie read the balm-dropping lines with a palpitating heart. If she resumed her position before the public, would she not naturally be brought in contact with Mademoiselle de St. Amar and——her brother? Would she not again see him whom wisdom bade her banish from her sight? Would she not again hear that soul-stirring voice which set all the finest chords within her vibrating? And yet would not the icy barrier of circumstance loom up between them, as high, and as wide, and as freezing as ever? Would she not need greater strength than heretofore in resisting temptation, which she could no longer fly? Would she have courage to stand in its very midst and combat its assaults?

These reflections were interrupted by the incoherent ravings of her father. The day after his accident, Monsieur de la Roche became dangerously ill. Violent mental excitement, and the injury his head had sustained, produced a fever strongly resembling that by which his daughter had been attacked.

We have already said that Dr. Souvestre was the youthful partner of a distinguished physician, who allowed his juvenile assistants to study their profession by practising among the poor. Dr. Janin, however, accompanied Dr. Souvestre when he next visited Monsieur de la Roche. But the hasty manner in which the elder physician examined the patient, and the eagerness with which he turned to Sylvie, betrayed that *she* was the magnet which had drawn him thither. The extraordinary recovery of her vocal powers in singing, while she remained unable to use her voice in speaking, had, doubtless, awakened his medical interest and curiosity. It became worth his while to investigate a case so remarkable. He pronounced it very rare, but *not without* parallel. Several instances of the kind were on record, but this was the first which had occurred within his own cognizance.

Sylvie responded upon her tablets to his numerous inquiries. After awhile, he requested her to endeavor to speak. The attempt proved her total inability. Then he unceremoniously desired her to sing. Immediately her rich, rolling voice filled the chamber with the solemn grandeur of the *Stabat Mater*. At the first note, her father, who for some time had been tossing about, talking wildly, and making vehement efforts to rise, sank gently back; a soft smile played over his handsome features, and he lay serenely still and silent.

Sylvie noted the change, and, as she ceased singing, wrote upon her tablets:

"Is singing likely to disturb my father?"

"No," replied Doctor Janin; "if we may judge from its present calming effect, it will benefit him. You have a wonderful organ, Mademoiselle—the most remarkable I ever heard. It is fortunate for yourself, *and the public*, that the injury to your vocal chords does not extend to that portion used in singing."

These words were accompanied by a low bow, for Sylvie's superlative talent, and the dignified simplicity of her manner, awakened an instinctive reverence.

Doctor Souvestre, who had long experienced, and struggled to conceal, a warm admiration for his quondam patient, became highly elated by his superior's complimentary recognition of her genius and attraction. It removed the dread of being charged with a youthful folly unworthy of a grave disciple of Æsculapius, if the young doctor revealed his true sentiments. His usually pompous and consequential demeanor melted away as snow in the sun; and had Sylvie been less engrossed by her father's condition, she could not have failed to remark the *devouement* of his manner, the unusual animation with which he conversed, and the flattering deference of his tone. He completely laid aside the solemn air assumed in his capacity of medical adviser, and became the agreeable guest—the genial friend—the incipient lover. He lingered for some time after Doctor Janin took his leave, and would not then have torn himself away, had not Sylvie's abstracted look and absent responses betrayed her wandering thoughts.

The door had hardly closed upon him when Sylvie opened the piano, and, with her head turned towards her father, that she might watch his countenance, her fingers once more magnetized the old keys, and her sympathetic voice gushed forth in thrilling sweetness.

The same look of placid happiness that had stolen over her father's lineaments before, now came to them again. His restless movements ceased, his moaning murmurs were hushed, the widely-opened lids fell softly over his too brilliant eyes. That he recognized the well-known but long-silent tones, was doubtful; that he listened with intense pleasure, was certain.

She was still singing when Maitre Beaujeu entered.

He noiselessly approached, and, almost holding his breath, took his seat beside her. She greeted him with a bow of welcome, and sang on.

At the conclusion of the strain, he said, in a voice hoarse with emotion:

"It was no dream, then!"

"No dream!" replied Sylvie's speaking eyes.

"And you will be able to sing on Saturday?" he asked.

Sylvie bowed her head, and took his shrivelled hand in hers, and lifted it to her lips.

"I saw Monsieur Le Grand last evening," said Beaujeu. "He was overjoyed at the intelligence I brought. His next concert will take place at the close of the week. Your re-appearance before the public will be made the principal feature. But we have decided that you shall be tested in only one piece; and I have selected that inspired strain by which you electrified us all yesterday. Do you like my choice?"

Sylvie's smile of assent signified that she could not have made a better.

An exclamation from her mother now called the young girl to her side. The sick man made a violent effort to leap out of bed, and the feeble arms of his wife and daughter could but ill restrain him. Beaujeu came to their aid, and, with some difficulty, succeeded in forcing the struggling sufferer back upon his pillow.

"This will not do," remarked the musician, panting from his exertions. "You need masculine help. Mathieu has strong arms, in spite of his deformity, and he is faithfulness personified; we must secure his assistance."

Neither Sylvie nor her mother objected, and Beaujeu went in search of the cripple.

Soon after Mathieu made his appearance by the sick bed, with a visage only too beaming to be in keeping with the office he was commissioned to fill. Yet how could he look grave when a felicity he had never dared to picture in his wildest dreams, had been granted him? He would hourly see the object of his adoration—he would hear, unchided, that delicious voice to which he had so often tremblingly listened, by stealth,—better still, he would be allowed to serve Sylvie; and in assisting to watch over her father, he would spare her pain and fatigue. Could his happiness reach a higher climax?

Doctor Souvestre came daily, and his visits were of much longer duration than heretofore. After a few moments devoted to his patient, he invariably took his seat beside the young maiden, and playfully pointing to her tablets, started some topic of general interest which drew forth a reply. He had quickly discovered her tastes, and her keen enjoyment of literature and art always afforded agreeable subjects of conversation. Sylvie had perhaps noticed, but she had not attached any importance to, or sought to interpret the change in his deportment towards her. She treated him with careless frankness and smiling courtesy; but, far from suspecting that she was encouraging his passion, she was unconscious of its existence.

He often solicited her to sing, under the pretence of watching the effect produced by her voice upon his patient.

Formerly, when she sang, she had felt inspired by the music alone, seeing and hearing nothing that passed around her, raised above all sublunary recognition, falling into a heavenly trance through her delight "in concord of sweet sounds;" *now* her abstraction was even deeper, but different. She no longer appeared to herself to have *no* auditor. True, she lost sight of the elegant and refined young man, sitting, in silent admiration, by her side; of the pallid invalid upon the bed yonder, whose face wore an expression of such harkening gladness; of the attenuated shape hovering near, whose wan visage caught some faint reflection from the sick man's joy-illumined countenance; of the mis-shapen form that stood at the foot of the couch, leaning eagerly forward, with parted lips and dilated eyes; yet she imaged to herself one listener ever absent, yet ever present; she sang as though *he* always heard, and the fervor, that gave such thrilling emphasis to her voice, grew wholly out of the vivid reality, to her, of that ideal presence.

Ursule, whose qualifications as a nurse were of an indisputably high order, was less frequently in the room than might have been expected. The cause of her absence became apparent before the evening set apart for the concert arrived.

That morning Sylvie had taken out the muslin dress which she had thrice worn in public, and was dismayed to find it covered with mud, and stained with the dye of the old black mantle, which had been saturated in her walk through the rain. In sore distress, she had laid the dress upon the bed, and stood pondering upon the possibility of getting it washed and ironed before evening, when Ursule entered. Assuming a matter-of-course air, the latter deliberately removed the discolored muslin, and substituted a dress of rich, white silk, adorned with three over-skirts of white "illusion," and placed beside the dress a scarf-like white sash, a pair of satin slippers and kid gloves.

Maitre Beaujeu had charged her to spare no expense in selecting an appropriate attire for Sylvie, and the last few days had been occupied by Ursule in its preparation.

Sylvie was expressing, by lively pantomimic gestures, her gratitude for the thoughtful kindness of her master, and her approval of Ursule's choice, when Dame Manot bustled into the apartment, carrying a box addressed to "Mademoiselle de la Roche."

"It was left for you by a servant of the Marquis de St. Amar," said the *concierge*, her eyes sparkling with kindly curiosity.

Sylvie's hands trembled as she received the package, and she placed it on the table, unopened. Ursule, with ready tact, diverted the attention of the dame by severing the ribbon which secured the cover, and raising the lid.

First she took out a note in Honorine's handwriting. Sylvie opened it with ill-disguised agitation.

A layer of fresh moss was next removed; beneath lay a coronal of white camelias, and a cluster of the same pure flowers, formed into a breast-knot.

Honorine's note said that she was counting the hours which must elapse before night arrived and she could hear and see her beloved Sylvie, and bade her wear these floral tokens upon her brow and on her bosom, in remembrance of the unchanging friendship of Honorine de St. Amar.

Sylvie hardly glanced at the snowy wreath and bouquet, but while Ursule and Dame Manot rapturously expatiated upon their beauty, turned away to prepare a cooling draught for her father.

By and by Ursule closed the box, and set it aside, and Sylvie never once lifted the lid until it was time to commence her toilette for the concert.

To refuse the request of Mademoiselle de St. Amar would be to lack courtesy. When Sylvie was robed in the chaste, white silk, with its transparent tulle drapery floating, like woven mist, around her, Ursule silently placed the camelia crown upon the singer's shining black hair, and fastened the spotless bouquet on her bosom.

Her fragile form had somewhat rounded and expanded since her illness. She looked less girlish than when she had last appeared before an audience. She seemed to have lived years in a few months. The repose of her manner had once emanated from *unconsciousness of self*, now it sprang from *self-reliance*. The shadow that lingered in her eyes, once so cloudless, told that some grief lay hidden beneath the calm surface, and sent up its reflection, out of the mysterious depths, into that cerulean heaven. Yet she was so completely "queen over herself," that there was something in her presence which impressed others as regal.

When her toilette was complete, she bent over her father, clinging to the hope that he would recognize her, but he gazed into her face with a vacant stare, and talked on, in an unconnected and scarcely comprehensible strain. In vain she covered his hands with kisses, and passed her fingers softly through his hair, and laid her flower-crowned head upon his bosom—her caresses were unnoticed.

A few months ago she would have wept, but since she had struggled in fierce combat with herself—since she had known a sorrow which she was forced to bury in the deep recesses of her spirit, tears sprang less readily. Their sweet relief was checked by a self-control that bade her suffer without sign.

Her mother was sitting at the head of the bed, looking less listless than was her wont. The actual danger of the husband, whom she truly loved, had forced her to shake off her constitutional apathy—had made her forget to complain of imaginary or anticipated afflictions—and had caused her inwardly to vow that she would encounter poverty, privation, all manner of calamities, without a murmur, if her husband's life were only spared.

She regarded Sylvie's evening toilette with a half smile, and said, "And so you are wearing at last the white silk dress of which your poor father's extravagance once deprived you? It becomes you amazingly, and that tulle over dress has a charming effect. I hardly know you, Sylvie. I had no idea you had altered so much in a few months."

Sylvie embraced her, but quickly turned again to her father. She could not bear to leave him thus. Maitre Beaujeu found her bending over the sick man, pertinaciously essaying to attract his attention.

Her master addressed her somewhat more brusquely than had been his custom of late, but his rough manner was only a mask to conceal his agitation. Without one syllable of laudatory comment upon her striking appearance, he remarked that her tablets were not in her girdle, and rated Ursule for forgetfulness, as though all responsibility devolved upon her. The omission was quickly supplied, and the exquisitely wrought chain of gold to which the tablets were attached, lying upon the hueless raiment, and the blue enamel cover, with one word traced in pearls, just visible above the belt, gave so much character and significance to the speechless maiden's attire, that Maitre Beaujeu deserved credit for taste as well as forethought.

When Sylvie and her master entered the little retiring room of the Salle St. Cecile, the youthful vocalist was warmly welcomed by Monsieur Le Grand, but coldly greeted by those of his *corps* who dreaded that their own lesser lights might suffer eclipse through this transcendent luminary.

Monsieur Le Grand had taken care that the rumor of her re-appearance should be widely spread, together with the history of her loss of voice—the sudden and wonderful manner in which her power of song was regained, while she continued mute as regarded speech. The public had marvelled—sympathized—rushed to the Salle St. Cecile—crowded it to suffocation, and, being stimulated into high excitement by the novelty of the occasion, were now ready to be astonished and enraptured by talents far inferior to those with which Sylvie had been endowed.

Monsieur Le Grand, who thoroughly understood how to create the greatest impression upon the sensibilities of the mass, instead of letting Sylvie sing a number of airs, had announced her only for Handel's celebrated anthem, "But thou didst not leave his soul," to be given towards the close of the performance. The audience inferred that he feared she might be suddenly stricken dumb in singing, as in speaking, and were on the *qui vive* to witness the possible calamity.

On the same principle, a crowd will throng a theatre to see some desperate mortal earn his hard bread by making a perilous leap, which, some night, will probably cost him his life; or to behold a man's head in a lion's mouth, the frightful fascination arising from the chances that it will eventually be snapped off.

Sylvie's tumultuous greeting from the expectant crowd, when she was led forth by Maitre Beaujeu (who claimed that privilege) may readily be imagined. Those human waves rose and sank, and rose again, and roared, and grew still, and roared again, until the hall seemed filled with a living sea of humanity, stirred by simultaneous motion, and endowed with one voice—that motion an earthquake, that voice a thunder peal!

Several minutes elapsed before silence was restored, and Maitre Beaujeu commenced the prelude. With the first notes that broke, in ringing richness, from Sylvie's lips, the clamor burst forth anew with redoubled furor, and so completely drowned her voice that she was obliged to cease singing. Maitre Beaujeu also stopped playing.

Yet not by this vociferous welcome was Sylvie moved, though she trembled until her cloud-like drapery resembled a soft, white mist, stirred by light zephyrs. Honorine and her brother occupied seats directly in front of her! One flashing look, and her eyes did not turn in that direction again. They were lifted up above that ocean of human heads, and whatever they beheld was but an air-painted image.

Once more the loud cries of welcome and congratulation died away, and once more Sylvie's voice,

> ————"Like a trumpet that takes
> The low note of a viol, that trembles and triumphing breaks
> On the air with it, solemn and clear,"

rang out as full as a trumpet, as low and sweet as a viol, trembling and triumphing, solemn and clear!

Almost before the breathless stillness, at the conclusion of the anthem, was broken by new rapture, Sylvie bent, and passed from the sight of the spectators.

Then ensued vehement efforts to recall her, but they were futile. Monsier Le Grand knew that the desire to hear her hereafter would be heightened by the refusal of an *encore*.

His congratulations to Sylvie were accompanied by a petition that she would engage to join his *corps* for one year, to sing wherever, on the continent, or in Great Britain, he might require; receiving two hundred francs per week, and her travelling expenses.

Sylvie had no hesitation in accepting this apparently munificent offer, but referred Monsieur Le Grand to her tutor, and Maitre Beaujeu expressed himself contented with the proposition.

"I will call upon Mademoiselle de la Roche to-morrow morning," said Monsieur Le Grand. "She can then sign the contract, and the affair will be closed."

Beaujeu knew that it would not be politic to allow a person in Le Grand's position to witness Sylvie's poverty and the humble manner in which her family lived. He therefore objected to the proposed visit, urging as a reason that Monsieur de la Roche was dangerously ill.

Le Grand regarded him suspiciously, as though he inferred that the musician meant by this demur to make difficulties and finally demand higher terms; Beaujeu, comprehending his look, replied, with some asperity, and no little dignity:

"In objecting to your calling upon my pupil, to-morrow, at the risk of disturbing her father, and thus distressing her, I found no fault with your proposition. I should have told you frankly if I had done so. If pen and paper are at hand, the contract can as well be drawn up and signed *to-night*, before we leave the hall."

The necessary writing materials were speedily procured, the contract was duly prepared, signed and witnessed. A copy was then made to which, also, the signatures were attached. One paper was delivered to Sylvie, the other kept by Monsieur Le Grand. The young singer was formally bound to follow her profession, in whatever locality he directed, for the next year.

The time occupied by this business transaction allowed the crowd to disperse. Dr. Souvestre, as Mademoiselle de la Roche's physician, had gained admission to the retiring room; and, while Monsieur Le Grand was arranging some minor matters with Beaujeu, entertained Sylvie by repeating the encomiums he had overheard.

Sylvie had cherished a hope that, as she passed into the street, she would meet——Honorine; "Honorine" was all she said to herself. It was near the entrance of the Salle St. Cecile that she had encountered her once before. As the youthful vocalist came forth, leaning upon Beaujeu's arm, and with Dr. Souvestre on the other side, earnestly talking to her, she scarcely dared to lift her eyes. From beneath her long lashes, however, she soon saw that there was but one carriage waiting. It was that which Beaujeu had engaged. The equipage of the Marquis was not visible.

Honorine had been carried off by Madame de la Tour, who probably had accompanied her to the concert for this very purpose.

Sylvie looked up with a disappointed expression. A tall and stately form emerged from the shadow thrown by the building, and appeared to be approaching her. But the figure did not pause as seemed its first intention. The hat, lifted in passing, showed the intellectual countenance of the Marquis de St. Amar. He did not speak a single word; and Sylvie felt as every true artist, who is also a true woman, must have felt, that, unpraised by the breath of the man she loved, all praise was breath only, and the triumph so glorious in the eyes of the great world was unsatisfactory, incomplete in her own eyes.

CHAPTER XV.

A NEW HOME.

Honorine was excited and annoyed to the verge of positive anger, when she found herself irresistibly hurried into the carriage by Madame de la Tour, as soon as the concert was over. To wait until Sylvie came forth, to join her, and implore an explanation of her late singular conduct, had been Mademoiselle de St. Amar's earnest desire. When her aunt so warmly opposed her wishes, and insisted on her returning home immediately, the possibility that she had something to do with the cessation of Sylvie's visits, for the first time, flashed through Honorine's mind. This suspicion rendered her only more determined that the interrupted intercourse should be renewed; though, indeed, she had long since resolved upon *that*, and had only waited for some favorable opportunity to carry out her intention. She turned, to appeal from her aunt to her brother, and to ask the latter to deliver a message to Sylvie, but he had disappeared.

Honorine did not retire that night until she heard his foot in the corridor; and rushing out to meet him, eagerly inquired:

"Did you see her after I left?"

"See whom?"

"Why Mademoiselle Sylvie, of course."

"Yes. I saw her leaving the concert Hall."

"And you spoke to her, of course?"

"No."

"How singular! But perhaps she was surrounded by people. Whom was she with?"

"Monsieur Beaujeu and a gentleman."

"I thought she knew no gentlemen. Was he young and handsome?"

"Yes, if I am a judge of good looks."

"But why did you not join her, and find out who he was? I should be vexed if she formed other agreeable acquaintances, and ceased to miss ours. I have made up my mind to see her myself, and nothing can prevent me."

The next day, when Maitre Beaujeu came to give his lesson, Honorine greeted him by emphatically closing the piano, and leaning upon it, with an air which might be interpreted into a a declaration of rebellion and independence.

"I want no music to-day—I am not in the vein;" she began. "I do not mean to take a lesson. I want to see Mademoiselle Sylvie, and nothing else can content me! My aunt would not allow me to linger until she came out last night. But I tell you I *must* and *will* see her! I cannot call at her present lodgings, for you say that there is but one room, and her father is dangerously ill; besides, I suppose it would not be proper for my brother to accompany me there; and Madame de la Tour would not allow me to go with a domestic. Now that Mademoiselle Sylvie's success is assured, why does she not occupy apartments where I could visit her? You must make her do so. Positively, you must."

"To hear is to obey!" replied Beaujeu, good-humoredly. "As your suggestion is unquestionably wise, I will promise to act upon it."

"Will you, dear, good Monsieur Beaujeu? and will you do it *at once?* yes, you must act *at once!* I am impatient to see Sylvie, and I hate delays. Do go in search of apartmets instantly. I cannot take a lesson to-day; therefore you have an hour at your disposal."

Beaujeu not only found it imposible to refuse, but he saw the propriety of the request and took his leave, promising to apprize his refractory pupil as soon as he had found a fitting abiding place for the young singer.

There was little difficulty in finding handsome or humble furnished apartments in Paris. An *entresol* in the *Rue d'Angoûleme*, close to the *Champs Elysées*, struck Maitre Beaujeu so favorably that he secured it within an hour after he commenced his search. An *entresol*, as our readers are probably aware, is the story between the ground floor (*rez de chausseé*) and the first story. The ceilings are low, and it is generally a more economical residence than any other desirable portion of the house. The suite of rooms which pleased the musician combined elegance and economy,—the locality was charming,—rent four hundred francs per month. The apartments consisted of a parlor, dining room, three bed rooms, kitchen, and servants' apartments. The furniture, without being showy, was convenient and abundant, and chosen in unexceptionable taste.

The *concierge* recommended two excellent female domestics, who would divide the work between them. After making an appointment to see these necessary additions to the household, on the morrow, Beaujeu returned to the *Faubourg St. Germain*.

"Ask Mademoiselle de St. Amar," he said, to a servant, "if she will allow me to give her lesson now; and say that I have complied with her request."

Honorine came dancing into the room, accompanied by her brother.

Beaujeu's prompt execution of her orders caused her spirits to mount too high for a lesson to be thought of on that day. "Her master must go at once," she said, "to Sylvie, and prepare her for a speedy removal."

This command of the self-constituted little sovereign was given with such graceful imperiousness that the musician had no alternative but to comply.

The Marquis had been unusually taciturn during Beaujeu's brief visit.

"Are you not glad, brother? Are you not rejoiced that we shall be able to see Mademoiselle Sylvie once more? Now there surely can be no impropriety in my visiting her, and in your accompanying me. Say, are you not glad?"

"I am always glad when you are glad, little sister," replied the Marquis, with inexplicable gravity.

A few moments after, he ordered his phæton, and drove away.

Shall we follow him on his mission through the streets of Paris?

If we may judge from the thoughtful, yet pleased, expression of his countenance, he has some agreeable object in view. He first stops at Pleyel's dépôt of pianos, and after carefully trying a number of instruments, selects the finest, and orders it to be sent to the apartments hired for Monsieur de la Roche, in the *Rue d'Angoûleme*, numero —.

The phæton next draws up before a *Magasin de Meubles*; here he chooses a richly-carved, rosewood library, rather diminutive in size, suitable to a small apartment, and desires it to be sent to the same locality as the piano. After this he visits a *Magasin* celebrated for its collection of choice books; here he passes an hour, gathering together a sufficient number of standard works to fill the shelves of the little library, and himself writing a line in each volume. The next place that the Marquis enters is a *fabrique des jardinieres hydrauliques*. After inspecting all the beautiful inventions for holding plants that may bloom in a drawing-room, he orders the most tasteful to be sent immediately to a certain florist. These *jardinieres* are constructed with a fountain in the centre, which sends up a tiny jet of water amidst a parterre of bright blossoms. The Marquis reaches the florist's soon after the *jardiniere* is received, and gives the most minute directions concerning the plants which it must contain when it is sent, on the morrow, to its final destination. A marble bust, by a distinguished sculptor, completes the purchases of the nobleman. It is a St. Cecilia, with upraised eyes, and parted lips, whose seraphic look conveys the impression that her song is not for the ears of mortals.

After leaving Mademoiselle de St. Amar, Beaujeu made his way to the Rue St. Denis, and, without preface, informed Sylvie that suitable apartments were engaged for her, and that she must prepare to enter them in a couple of days. When her characteristic prudence caused her to object to this step, and pronounce it premature, he informed her that he was the best judge of the fitness of the proceeding;—it was absolutely necessary, he asserted, that she should occupy rooms where Monsieur Le Grand might call upon her to transact any necessary business, (he took care not to allude to any other possible visitors,) and concluded by saying that her father would be benefitted by change of air and additional comfort.

This last suggestion overcame Sylvie's scruples.

The possessions of the De la Roche's were too few to consume much time in packing. Everything was ready at the hour Beaujeu had appointed for the removal. Monsieur de la Roche was to be transported to his new home upon a litter, with Beaujeu and Mathieu walking by his side. Ursule, Sylvie, and her mother went in advance to prepare for and receive the invalid.

We will not attempt to paint the surprise and pleasure of the feminine trio who first reached the delightful abode selected by the musician. Before they had leisure fully to examine the apartments, the sick man was brought in and laid upon his comfortable bed. The fresh air and the gentle motion produced a soporific effect, for he had fallen into a quiet slumber.

Sylvie watched him awhile, as he slept, but, finding that he did not stir, left her mother and Mathieu beside him, and joined her master in the parlor.

He was seated at the piano playing, and did not notice her entrance, until she traced upon her tablets the words "How kind of you to have thought of this!" and held them before his eyes.

"Truly, I deserve no credit," answered Beaujeu, rising. "I do not remember to have seen this instrument when I engaged the rooms, and yet it is one of Pleyel's best."

Sylvie pointed to the little library, and wrote:

"What rare enjoyment I shall derive from those books!"

"Books? Ah—yes—that library is really an exquisite piece of furniture; but I'm an old dolt, for I did not notice *that* either; and I do not remember seeing those flowers growing so beautifully, with the fountain playing in their centre, though one might suppose that *jardiniere*, which fills the whole window, and is really a miniature garden, was too striking to escape the notice and admiration of anybody with a pair of eyes; and I did not remark that St. Cecilia, which has a face so like yours—yours when you are singing, I mean. Truly, I shall begin to fancy that age is telling upon me! At all events, I am glad you are satisfied. Now I must leave you, for I have lessons due all day. I will give your address to Monsieur Le Grand, in case he desires to wait upon you."

Flowers had always a strong attraction for Sylvie, and when she found herself alone, she examined the floral treasures of the *jardiniere* more minutely. A circle of heliotrope girdled the little fountain and filled the air with penetrating perfume. Heliotrope! that flower had associations, sweet as its own breath, for Sylvie,—she did not dare to dwell upon them—but turned away, with a smothered sigh, stifling those dangerous, rising memories. But, wherever she went, the haunting fragrance of the heliotrope pursued her, and conjured visions of the past before her eyes, and called back words to ring in her ears that stirred her strangely, sweetly, and yet most painfully.

To divert her mind from these perilous thoughts, she unclosed the glass doors of the book case, and, glancing over the titles, took down a volume of Racine. As she opened the book her eyes fell upon the words, "*Mademoiselle Sylvie de la Roche.*" *Her name* written on the otherwise blank page! Could it be possible? Maitre Beaujeu had distinctly declared that he had not noticed the library—it could not have been supplied by him! She opened another volume, and another, and another, still the same name appeared within. The books were Sylvie's—selected for *her*—and—by *whom?* She thought of ———, she would have answered, "Honorine," if she had been asked of whom she thought. But the handwriting was not her's. Were those characters wholly unfamiliar? Upon the little porcelain slate, now lying in her trunk, were there not a few lines still uneffaced?—and in that very hand?

When Ursule entered, she found Sylvie standing by the library, lost in thought, her eyes fixed upon the writing.

"I have come to bid adieu," said the spinster with assumed calmness. "I find your little establishment in perfect order. Maitre Beaujeu is a wonderful manager. He has engaged two excellent servants. Janette is a middle-aged woman and will cook for you. Rosine is a strong, able-handed girl, and will keep the rooms in order, attend to the table, etc., etc. As they neither can read, you will have some difficulty in communicating with them yourself, but I have spared you all the trouble I can by giving directions."

Sylvie's caress said, "you always spare me trouble."

"I must go now," resumed Ursule. "I will come to see you often, and you must let me assist in taking care of your father. I shall miss seeing you *every day*, Sylvie—I hardly know——" her lips trembled, and she could not finish her sentence.

Sylvie's tablets were in her hand, but before she could write a line, Ursule had hurried out of the room.

The warm-hearted dressmaker had not before uttered a word which betrayed how severely she suffered from this separation. Her intercourse with Sylvie had awakened a thousand pleasant emotions that brightened her desolate life. She often thought that she knew what a mother's happy sensations must be through the affection she experienced for this young girl. Strange to say, Beaujeu had been conscious of a similar feeling. Sylvie was to him as an own and only child, and the sole happiness, sole prosperity of his existence, had emanated from her. If Sylvie's parents were unfitted for their holy office, two beings had been sent to occupy their places, who loved her with the tender devotion, the thoughtful solicitude, the earnest seeking after her good, which characterize parental affection in its strength and purity.

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

* * *

NOBODY ever sees an action as very wrong, when under the excitement of doing it.

HOME.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

"Better is the life of a poor man, in a mean cottage, than delicate fare in another man's house."
Ecclesiasticus, 29th chapter, 22nd verse.

I saw them by their wintry fire,
The children gathering round their sire;
The cheerful blaze, with flickering light,
Rov'd dancing o'er their features bright,
And nought like care for pomp or show
Commingled with that ruddy glow;
Their simple fare was what the land
Yields to the farmer's toiling hand;
While health and sweet contentment's grace
Beam'd forth from every form and face.

But some there are, unwisely led
By sloth, to eat another's bread,
Inured to bear, like flaming chart,
Dependence, written on their heart:
To envious eyes, perchance, they seem
In luxury and pride to dream;
Yet meet they still, with lot unblest,
The welcome cold of burdening guest,
And view the humble home with scorn
Which industry and love adorn.

Hartford, Conn., Feb. 20th, 1861.

HUNTING THE BISON.

BY EMERSON BENNETT.

Sixty years ago, the American bison—more commonly, though not correctly, called the buffalo—had his range as far eastward as the States of Illinois, Indiana, and Kentucky; but he is an animal which is constantly retiring before the march of civilization, and now he must be hunted on those great prairies which stretch away from the base of the Rocky Mountains. Here, on some of these vast plains, he may still be found, either in small or mighty herds, constantly roving to and fro, and changing his location with the seasons, so that even the experienced hunter cannot tell by his appearance in one section of the country this summer, where he may be looked for the next.

The bison is naturally a peaceable animal, and seldom molests any of his neighbors, of whatever genus or species, unless first molested himself; and then he sometims becomes dangerous in his wrath, even to the mounted hunter. His habits are much the same as our domestic cattle, in feeding, frisking, running, throwing up his heels and tail, kicking to the right and left, or standing face to his foe, with head down, pawing the earth with his fore feet, bellowing forth his sullen or furious anger and defiance, and charging upon his antagonist with all his speed and strength. He seems most at home and at ease in a large herd of his fellows; and these droves are sometimes so immense as to cause even the most credulous to doubt the truthful reports of eye-witnesses, who declare they have seen them by thousands, and tens of thousands, and hundreds of thousands, covering not only acres but miles of ground, dotting the earth as thick as they could stand, even beyond the reach of sight from any given point.

The bison, like all animals in a wild state, has a perfect horror of man; and if the latter passes any where near him to the windward, his keen sense of smell at once detects his unwelcome proximity, and he forthwith rushes away in the wildest alarm. A whole vast herd is sometimes set in motion from this or a similar cause—the fright of one or a few being communicated to the many—and then grand and terrible is the mighty stampede—the earth fairly trembling and quaking under the moving mass. Wo to whatever living thing gets in the way of this awful stream of life! thousands on thousands of thundering feet will pass over it, crushing it to a shapeless death. The animals in the front rank have no choice; pressed by thousands behind, they must go on, till nature becomes exhausted throughout the whole rolling body.

The bison, though so numerous, is constantly meeting death in every conceivable form. Hundreds and thousands are annually buried in the muddy beds of streams which they have attempted to cross; hundreds and thousands are engulfed in the cold waters of some ice-bound river, upon which they have gathered in numbers; bears seek them, wolves devour them, and man slaughters them without mercy, sometimes for a worthy purpose, sometimes in mere wanton sport.

The Indians consider these animals their legitimate property, placed upon the earth by the Great Spirit for their especial benefit. They have three modes of killing them—by running them over precipices, where they are dashed to pieces—by driving them into pens, constructed for the purpose, where even squaws and children can take part in the subsequent butchery—and by riding in among the herd, and sending their steel-pointed arrows through their hearts.

The whites of the present day generally hunt them on horse-back, with rifles and holster pistols, each man selecting his victim, keeping along side of him on his high-mettled steed, and firing into him charge after charge, until he totters and falls.

An old buffalo bull is hard to kill. He has been know to run more than a mile after a ball has passed directly through his heart, and he has also been known to escape after more than twenty balls have pierced other parts of his body. When wounded and at bay, he is a dangerous animal to approach; for he will often charge suddenly upon his assailant, and then wo to both horse and rider if they do not clear his way by the greatest activity! When mortally wounded, he will generally bleed from the mouth and nose; but he will not go down till the last moment—setting his feet wider and wider apart as he feels nature giving way, and at last tottering over and falling dead upon his side with a heavy moan.

Captain Israel Florence, who was for some years connected with the Government surveys in the Far West, has given us an account of an adventure he once had with an old bull, which we will endeavor to record as nearly as possible in his own language.

"Early one morning, a small party of us started out from Fort Union, on the Missouri, for a day's sport. Crossing the river, we pushed directly for an adjacent prairie, where a fine herd of bisons, or buffaloes, had been seen feeding the day previous. It did not follow from this that we should find the animals there now—for the roving habit of the beast seldom leaves it long in one place—and on reaching the first, or lower plain, we were more chagrined than disappointed in discovering it perfectly clear of the game we had come to seek.

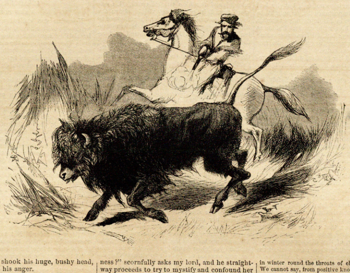
"Crosssing this level, we ascended some rugged hills to a more undulating prairie above, and there our eyes were greeted with the sight of a small herd quietly feeding in one of the hollows of the rolling land. As the wind was blowing from them toward us, we did not fear their scenting us; and if we could only avoid being seen till we reached the base of a ridge, which shot off at an angle from the one we were on, we could approach so near them as to render their escape impossible.

"This we succeeded in doing; and when we appeared upon the brow of the other ridge, we were scarcely more than a hundred yards distant from the nearest.

"The bisons saw us, however, the instant we again came in sight; and with loud bellows of alarm they bounded away; and with wild shouts for victory, we rushed our horses down the slope in eager chase. The herd numbered ten—six cows and four bulls; and selecting one of the latter for my skill, the largest and ugliest old fellow of all, I pointed him out to my companions, and assured them, in Western parlance, that he was 'my meat,' and that no balls must touch him but mine.

"I was well armed and well mounted—having a double-barrelled rifle, a brace of large holster pistols, two six shooters and a knife, and sitting astride one of the best blooded and fleetest horses to be found in all that region. In a minute I was along side of my victim; and reserving my rifle for a greater distance, I gave him the contents of both holster pistols, aiming for his left shoulder.

"He was running parallel with me at the moment I fired; but the instant he felt the sting of the second ball, both of which served rather to enrage than to cripple him, he uttered a wild, savage bellow, and wheeled so suddenly upon my horse, that only by the very quickest shying and springing was he able to clear him by a few inches. Not expecting so sudden an attack, and being careless of my stirrups, I lost my seat, and found myself upon the ground in a second. Away went my horse like lightning; and fortunately for me the bull gave a short chase after him, and then stopped, shook his huge, bushy head, and bellowed forth his anger.



"I got upon my feet as quick as I could, and found myself unharmed; but my rifle, which was in my hand when I fell, was so damaged as to be useless. While I was examining it, in anything but an amiable mood, the bull turned, and, seeing me, at once dropped his head and made a furious charge. I ran a short distance, and then, just at the critical moment when he was on the point of goring and tossing me, I leaped aside, and he impelled by his great headway, was obliged to pass me. As he did so, I gave him two random shots from one of my revolvers, which served only to render him more furious, and the next moment he was after me again. This was repeated some three or four times—I barely escaping a bloody death as it were by a miracle.

"Meantime a couple of my friends, who were in hot pursuit of the other animals, seeing my danger, came riding up with all speed, and at their approach the wounded bison turned and fled. One of the two was about to follow and shoot him down; but I begged him not to touch the animal, as he was 'my meat,' and I was determined to finish him alone.

"'If you will have the kindness to catch my horse,' said I, 'it will afford me great pleasure to take my revenge on the beast with my own hand.'

"My horse, after running some distance, had stopped, and was now standing still, with elevated head and tail, looking off toward the bellowing and scattered herd, and snorting forth his fear and displeasure. He was easily caught; and in a very brief time I was again in the saddle, and once more in hot pursuit of my dangerous game.

"My wounded bull had not attempted to join the herd—but was making off by himself toward an elevated point, where a rocky and precipitous bluff overhung the river—and the great speed of my horse soon brought me along side of him again. Warned by the accident which had so nearly proved fatal to me, I took care not to ride too close; but when near enough for my shots to take effect, I commenced emptying my revolvers into his side. They might have been so many pop-guns, for any service which I could perceive they accomplished; and when I had fired the last shot, without inflicting a mortal wound, I felt excessively chagrined at the result.

"The bison was now steadily escaping me, and I had not a single weapon loaded, and only my holster-pistols which would carry a ball heavy enough for my purpose—my rifle, my main dependence, having been put aside as useless. My only chance, therefore, of securing my game, was to re-load the larger weapons, and either reach his heart with a truer aim, or cripple him by breaking his fore-shoulder.

"But while re-loading, I had to slacken my speed; and the bison, keeping steadily on, was soon a considerable distance in advance and near the bluff I have mentioned, before I was ready for a fresh assault. Dashing swiftly after him, I again overtook him within a hundred rods of the high bank; and determined to risk all and put an end to the affair at once, I rode close along side and fired for the fore-shoulder.

"A wild bellow of rage and pain, and a hobbling forward on three legs, announced the result; and sanguine now of obtainig a speedy victory, I fired the other pistol, aiming for his heart. The shot took effect, and a gush of blood from the nose and mouth assured me that at last the animal had received his death-wound. He continued on a short distance further, and then stopped, held down his huge head, bleeding freely, and uttered a low, moaning sound. I rode up nearer than was either necessary or prudent, and, halting almost in front of the beast, began to re-load my weapons, watching him all the while.

"At first he seemed to take no notice of me whatever, and I was prepared to see him roll over dead at any moment; but suddenly, with a wild bellow, he charged directly upon me. My horse wheeled, with a snort of terror; and before I could gather up the reins to control him, he was upon the very verge of the awful precipice. With a cry of horror I jerked the right rein, and thus brought him broadside to the fearful descent—when, perceiving his danger, he made a powerful recoil. He might perhaps have saved himself; but at that instant the maddened bull struck and gored him in the flank, and the whole three of us went headlong down together. My horse was killed by the fall, and so was the bison; but Providentially I escaped with nothing worse than a heavy shock to my whole system.

"'Since then,' concluded the captain, "I have revenged myself on many an old bull of the prairies; but I have always shown better sense than to venture too near one that was wounded, and thus literally put my head in the lion's mouth."

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No man would overcome and endure solitude if he did not cherish the hope of a social circle in the future, or the imagination of an invisible one in the present.

PLAIN TALK TO MEN AND ABOUT MEN.

BY ONE WHO KNOWS THEM.

Did you ever hear a woman venture an opinion on politics in the presence of her husband?

Was it not rich, on that occasion, to observe the supercilious smile with which my lord turned upon her, to inform her that "Women do not understand politics."

Perhaps he was right; but the only reason why they don't understand them is because man has so polluted them.

A woman speaks of business, and there is an instant attempt to gag her.

"What does a woman understand of business?" scornfully asks my lord, and he straightway proceeds to try to mystify and confound her by his representations of the magnitude and multitude of his cares.

"*You* have no trouble worth the name," he says. "I know all your insignificant frets. You are always annoying me with them. *My* troubles I keep to myself."

A good deal he keeps them to himself!

He is correct in saying he don't tell *her*. But in his store, and among his male companions, his tongue flies fast enough. He rushes about, blustering and scolding like a very Xantippe; but when he gets home, he shuts up, for fear that his wife will ask too many questions; and then he lays to his soul the flattering unction that he keeps silence because he don't wish to worry her. But who believes *that* story, when they see how he enjoys tormenting her in other ways, and how very, *very* little *pains* he takes to make her happy? But perhaps 'tis *human* nature, not *man* nature, distinctively, that ails him—perhaps woman, *had she the same chance*, would show the same traits.

Blessed for her, then, is it that she has *not* the same chance, nor is likely to have at present. It *may* be all these circumstances which makes the "mighty differ" between the sexes; but this is rather a hard doctrine to believe. The *appearance* of the thing is that woman is more unselfish, honorable, humble-minded, patient, steadfast, noble, *good* to the *heart's core*, than man. Now, don't fly off in a tangent, friend, and say that I think women are perfection and that men are fiends. I do not. I think that there is great room for improvement, and also great need of it, in both sexes; and I know that there are some men who are far better than some women—woe for the world were it not so; but I do declare, and for many hard years I have been learning the lesson, and doing so in situations, and under circumstances, the best that are possible for learning it thoroughly and without misunderstanding, that men in general are, whatever the explanation may be, not near so good as women are.

I know them *both*. I have had rare opportunities to study them, with all cloaks and masks cast off, and I bear witness that a *woman* is the creature to go to when one needs an earthly friend that will not change nor forsake, even though *the pocket* may demand change and desertion.

You may not always find such a friend even among the women; but if you cannot find it *there* you may as well give up the search.

For one, I have found many pleasant (so styled) friends among men; but never yet *one* really worthy the name of *friend*—nay, I err, I remember one, who up to the time when we parted did deserve it; but the sod covers him; among women I have found many—many who, under no pressure of selfish motive would ever harm any living creature that loved and trusted them.

Since the days of the notable race, of which we read in Matt. 26: 56, there has been exceeding nimbleness of legs and hearts, when men have been threatened with any disaster, or even with any serious inconvenience, in consequence of sticking to a companion in trouble. With woman, now as in the Master's time of trouble, the reverse is true.

Patient and steadfast, neither the vicissitudes of life, nor the horrors of death, can move her from the person or the cause that she loves.

Man! why the *word* has become a synonym for selfishness and conceit; but *woman* means self-sacrifice.

The *appearance*, therefore, is that when a man is truly noble ne is overcoming his nature—(the more credit to him if 'tis so)—and that when a woman is selfish and cruel, she is outraging hers.

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Old Hickory on Sweet Temper.—"I cannot forbear pointing out to you, my dear child," said General Jackson once to a young lady in whose welfare he felt a deep interest, "the great advantages that will result from a temperate conduct and sweetness of manner to all people, on all occasions. Never forget that you are a gentlewoman, and all your words and actions should make you gentle. I never heard your mother—your dear good mother—say a harsh or hasty thing to any person in my life. Endeavor to imitate her. I am quick and hasty in my temper, but it is a misfortune which, not having been sufficiently restrained in my youth, has caused me inexpressible pain. It has given me more trouble to subdue this impetuosity than anything I ever undertook."

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Little truisms often give the clue to long, deep, intricate, undisplayed trains of thought, which have been going on in silence and secrecy for a long time before the common-place result in which most meditations end is expressed.

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We see daily a great portion of the human race living in the world, thinking only of what gratifies passion and vanity; their souls so laden with the weight of earth, that they cannot raise them to any spiritual object.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

G., of Ill.—"Suppose a young man should take a young lady to a party, and another young man should seat himself beside her and converse with her for an hour, and the young lady is pressed to join in a play, and she refuses but still converses with the young gentleman, what should the fellow that took her there do?" Do? Why, he should enjoy himself to the best of his ability, and contribute all he can to the pleasure of the company. Because a young lady does a "fellow" the honor to permit him to accompany her to a party, is no reason why he should wish to prevent her enjoying the occasion in her own way. We presume there were plenty of other young ladies present willing to enter into conversation with the indignant G. of Ill. Too much pairing off at a party is, of course, in bad taste, and shows a selfish disposition in those who practice it. The *general* enjoyment should never be long lost sight of by any person present at a social gathering. But if the young lady erred in this respect, it was the duty of her companion to set her a better example.

Betsey.—It would perhaps be too strong an expression to say, without explanation, that saleratus is a *poisonous* ingredient in cookery. There is no doubt, however, that it is injurious to the teeth and the stomach, and *in that sense* it may be called a poison, even though it be a slow one.

Theos.—No good would be apt to come of your "spending three years in the study of metaphysics." You might a great deal better spend the three years in learning a trade.

Susan wishes to know if the practice of wearing tippets in winter round the throats of children produces croup. We cannot say, from positive knowledge, whether it does or not, but we have heard it stated by physicians that it *does*, and we consider this professional opinion a reasonable one; because, when a child gets heated by his play, and throws his tippet off, as he infallibly will, what is called "a stuffed throat" must necessarily ensue. It is better to make children's garments so high in the neck as to render tippets unnecessary; add daily bathing of the throat in cold water as another salutary preventive.

C. B. X.—This young man writes to us as follows: "I have been paying attention to a young lady for several months, between whom and myself a warm attachment exists. The father of the young lady, however, dislikes me very much—for what reason I have never been able to learn. One evening, not long since, he came into the parlor where I was sitting with his daughter, and began to talk to me in a most offensive manner, and ordered his daughter to quit the room. She obeyed, and then he went on worse than ever. I restrained my feelings and my tongue, which seemed to exasperate him, and at last he raised his cane to strike me. I grasped the cane, and a struggle for the weapon followed, during which we fell over an ottoman, and my antagonist's head coming in contact with the leg of the piano, he received a severe contusion, and I got the best of him, but of course I took no advantage of my success, further than to take away the cane, for my own protection. I at once expressed my regrets to him that such an occurrence had taken place, and then left. The question now is, What can I do to render it proper for me to visit the young lady at her home? Is there any way in which the matter can be adjusted?" You can call there, if the father has not forbidden you the house. Should he do so, it would of course be improper for you to enter his dwelling, and you must await the development of circumstances. If the young lady loves you, you can afford to be very self-sacrificing and conciliatory.

Taken In.—We have received many letters recently from parties who have been "taken in" by dealers in lottery tickets. The unsophisticated victims, in every case, had received circulars from the dealers offering great inducements to buyers, and assuring them that for $10, or $20, they would be almost certain to draw a prize of from $4,000 to $40,000, and promising, in case the buyer of the lottery tickets did not draw such a prize, that they would send him another package of tickets for nothing; but it always turns out that this second package contains nothing but blanks, so the dupe, of course, is victimized at the last. We have warned our readers over and over again against these alluring circulars from dealers in lottery tickets, but it is impossible to keep a fool, or an avaricious person who wishes to get money without giving a just equivalent for it, from being entrapped by any one who flourishes a gilded bait before his eyes. If people are "taken in" by lotteries and gift paper publishers, they cannot blame us. We have warned them often enough.

Two Bald Heads.—These correspondents say: "We have heard many reasons given for the rapidly increasing baldness among men who have not even reached middle life; but the true reason, we think, has not yet been guessed. We declare it to be mainly owing to the fact, that business men are in the habit of wearing *their hats* to so great an extent in their heated counting-rooms during business hours. All physicians know that caps, constantly worn by infants *in the house*, retard the growth of the hair. This old-fashioned custom, therefore, modern mothers have long since dispensed with. We think business men had better endure an occasional 'draft' than thus run the risk of parting with all their hair before they *begin* to grow old in other respects. We are both bald-headed, and are certain that our baldness was occasioned by the practice alluded to."

Hard Worker.—Hard worker is not a man of sentiment. He and his wife have had a quarrel about which of them should make the fire in the morning. "You should know," says he, "that *we* work hard, and I should think she would make the fire without grumbling." He adds that, in his opinion, "women are too much petted up," and that they would be much better if they had harder usage. Hard Worker, we are very much afraid that your work is not the only hard part of your case. We fear you are a hard customer. You have probably a hard heart and a hard head, and are a hard man to get along with. It is more than likely that your hard-working wife has a very hard lot. Get up, sir, and make that fire these cold mornings, and have the room nice and warm for your wife to get the breakfast in. Be a man and a gentleman, hard worker though you be.

A Fireman says that the origin of the "tiger" which is sometimes given after three cheers, was as follows: "When Americus Engine Company No. 6, of New York city, received their first new engine handsomely painted and decorated, among the decorations was a full-sized *tiger's* head painted on the front panel of the box. And as most of our Fire Companies have some cognomen peculiar to each, No. 6 soon became known as the 'Tiger Boys;' and in giving three cheers for a friendly company the *tiger growl* was added, to identify themselves as the ones who gave the cheers. This addition proving effective, the practice soon spread to other companies, and it has at last become a somewhat general thing, wherever friendly cheers are to be given."

J. F.—This melancholy correspondent says that owing to sickness, his face has become very thin, which is inconvenient, because he is obliged just now to have his picture taken for a friend; and he wishes to know if it is true that *arsenic* will make a person grow fat, and if so, how much he must take to improve his face. It is our opinion that arsenic is much too dangerous a thing to meddle or experiment with for fattening purposes. Your vanity must be very strong to prompt you to hazard your life in so foolish a manner. Let all such things alone, and live rationally if you would grow fat and live long.

M. L. says he is in love with a girl who is reputed a flirt, and who takes all his love-making as a jest. Still he keeps on, and waits for further developments? but he is getting "tired out," and don't know what to do. You should make a serious business of it, and have a definite answer—yes or no.

First Avenue.—It is *not* proper for a young lady to go to a place of amusement in the evening *unattended* by a gentleman. Those who have charge of such places *do not admit* "ladies" under such circumstances.

J. E. M.—If a lady seems inclined to love a gentleman a little, who loves her a *great deal*, he should persevere in his attentions if he desires to win her.

Student.—Macaulay's celebrated figure of the New Zealander sitting upon one of the arches of London bridge, and contemplating the ruins of St. Paul's Cathedral was probably suggested to the mind of the historian by a passage in one of the letters of Horace Walpole. Walpole was a friend of America during the revolutionary contest, and utterly opposed to all the arbitrary measures of the British government that led to that contest. He believed that the Americans were fighting England's battle as well as their own, and that if liberty were lost in America it would be crushed in England also. In a letter dated Nov. 24th, 1774; he wrote the following words: "The next Augustan age will dawn on the other side of the Atlantic. There will, perhaps, be a Thucydides at Boston, a Xenophon at New York, and, in time, a Virgil at Mexico, and a Newton at Peru. *At last, some curious traveller from Lima will visit England and give a description of the ruins of St. Paul's, like the editions of Baalbec and Palmyra.*" Macaulay, it must be confessed, has improved the conception, but the idea itself is Walpole's. Mexico has not yet, so far as we know, produced a Virgil, nor Peru a Newton; but Boston has given the world two great historians, Bancroft and Prescott, and New York's Washington Irving had much in common with the gentle, affectionate and graphic Xenophon.

X. M.—The pay of a major-general in the United States' Army is equivalent to something more than $3,500 a year; a brigadier-general's to a little over $2,100 a year. The XLVI Article of war declares that, "Any sentinel who shall be found sleeping upon his post, or shall leave it before he shall be regularly relieved, shall suffer death or such other punishment as shall be inflicted by the sentence of a court martial." In time of war, a derelict sentinel would be pretty certain to be shot, but in time of peace he would probably meet with a less fearful punishment. The same penalty (that is, death or such other punishment as shall be inflicted by the sentence of a court martial) is imposed, by the articles of war, for purposely occasioning a false alarm in camp, garrison or quarters; for doing violence to any person bringing provisions to camp, when the army is in a foreign country; for misbehaving before the enemy, or running away, or shamefully abandoning any post, or inducing others to do the same, or casting away arms or ammunition, or quitting one's post or colors to plunder or pillage; for making known the watchword to any person not entitled to receive it, or for giving a false watchword.

Malcolm.—This inquirer desires to know all the meanings of the Greek words which are usually translated, baptize, baptism, etc. The family of words to which our correspondent refers are eight in number, of which the signification, as given in Liddell and Scott's Greek dictionary, are as follows: 1. *Baptes*, a noun, "One who dips or dyes." 2. *Baptizo*, a verb, "To dip repeatedly, dip under, bathe, steep, wet, soak, drench, pour upon, draw water, baptize." 3. *Baptisis*, a noun, "a dipping, a bathing, a washing, a drawing water, baptism." 4. *Baptisma*, a noun, "That which is dipped." 5. *Baptisterion*, a noun, "A bathing-place, swimming-bath, the baptistry of a church." 6. *Baptistes*, a noun, "One that dips, a dyer, a baptizer." 7. *Baptos*, an adjective, "Dipped, dyed, bright-colored, drawn like water." 8. *Bapto*, a verb, "To dip, dip under, dip in dye, color, steep."

Brooklyn.—It is not true that rice is the most nutricious food used by man. Wheat is more nutricious. Of a thousand parts of wheat, nine hundred and fifty are nutritive matter; but of rice only eight hundred and eighty. Of all articles used as food, melons and cucumbers contain nutriment in the smallest proportion. A water-melon has but thirty parts in a thousand of nutritive matter, and a cucumber only twenty-five parts. Of fruits, the tamarind is the most nutricious, and next to that the plum; next, grapes; next, peaches. Of all fruits the least nutricious is the strawberry, which contains but one part in ten of nutritive matter. Mutton is more nutricious than beef, but not much. Turnips seem hardly worth eating, as they have but forty parts in a thousand of nutrition; potatoes, two hundred and sixty.

Schoolboy.—The marbles which boys use as play-things are made with great rapidity, and very easily. First, the stone is broken into small square pieces by a hammer. These pieces are then put into a mill, about a hundred at a time, and ground till they become perfectly round. This mill is merely two large, flat stones, the under one of which is stationary, and has circular grooves cut in it, and the upper one is made to revolve by machinery. To grind out one layer of marbles requires only about fifteen minutes, and one pair of stones will turn out 20,000 in a week. Most of the marbles in common use are made in Coburgh, the native country of Prince Albert, where a very hard kind of stone, just the thing for marbles, is very abundant.

Bostonian.—"How much money is required to make a man rich?" As much money as will produce an income that will enable him to live in the best style known in the place of his residence. In New York, this can be done for twelve thousand dollars a year, and, accordingly, to be rich in New York a man must have two hundred thousand dollars. Many people spend far more than twelve thousand dollars a year, but for that sum all that is essential to the best style of living can be enjoyed. In a country town, an income of one thousand dollars a year is wealth.

T. F.—This young lady says: "A young man invited me to go out and spend the evening with him on a certain day, but remarked in doing so that if he forgot all about it, I must excuse him. I told him I would, and he *did* forget it; what am I to think of it?" You should have replied, when he insulted you by making such a remark with his invitation, that you preferred going with gentlemen who are blessed with a good memory; as the matter now stands, you can have no more to say to him on the subject.

Virginian.—The subject of the intermarriage of cousins is one upon which we have repeatedly given all the information we possess, and cannot, therefore, enter upon it again. We will merely say, that when the family resemblance is strong between the cousins, when their temperaments and cast of character are similar, a marriage between them is, in the highest degree, unwise. There are cousins, however, who have as little in common with one another as though they were not related. Such may marry, with danger of having idiotic offspring.

Housekeeper.—The signs most relied upon for judging whether a turkey is young or old, are found in the feet and legs. A young turkey has smooth, black legs, short spurs, and moist, supple feet. If the leg is rough and scaly, if the spurs are strong and long, if the feet are dry and stiff, expect a tough customer. The eye, also, furnishes a guide. Young birds have full, bright eyes, old ones, dull and sunken. These remarks apply as well to all poultry as to turkeys.

Corrigenda.—There are persons in London who make it a business to find heirs for unclaimed money in the possession of the British government. By applying to any British consul, you can be put into a way of ascertaining whether any stock in the English funds is held in the name of your ancestor. Generally speaking, the search for money left seventy years ago is the wildest of wild goose chases.

C. A.—Our ambassadors and ministers to foreign countries are not all paid alike, some getting more than others. For example, ambassadors to Great Britain and France, each get $17,500 per annum; to Russia, Spain, Austria, Prussia, Brazil, Mexico and China, each $12,000; to all other countries, each $10,000. A chargés d' affaires gets one-half the amount paid to an ambassador.

Wyandot.—"Next to my boarding-house," says Wyandot, "live two young ladies *who, I imagine*, wish to make my acquaintance; but being very bashful, I have not done it. How shall I proceed?" You should walk up to the looking-glass and take a view of a conceited puppy who humbugs himself into the idea that he is "bashful."

Oblige.—In walking with a lady, when you come to a muddy crossing, wide enough only for one, you should precede her, unless there is danger from a press of vehicles in the street, as the gentleman in attendance is expected first to try the path to see if it is fit for the lady to follow.

Leon.—You say a young man asked you to a place of public amusement, and never called for you, or apologized for not doing so, although he knew you declined going with other friends there, in order to go with him. We would say, unless he *voluntarily* apologizes, you should cut his acquaintance as an ungentlemanly fellow.

Subscriber.—The time has past in which a man could make a fortune in California in two or three years. Those who now go to that country should go with the intention of staying as long as they live. The climate is one of the best in the world, and frequently restores persons having a consumptive tendency.

H. T. H. (Cincinnati.)—If the President of the Kansas Relief Committee made the remark which you attribute to him, he was very impertinent. He should have had more regard for your feelings.

Working Man.—It is impossible to answer your question with regard to the laws regulating the letting of houses, because you omit to mention what State you live in.

C. P.—Lord John Russell was prime minister of England from July, 1846, until February, 1852. He succeeded Sir Robert Peel, and was followed by Lord Derby.

⁂ *Several letters stand over to be answered in our next.*